

The Colorado Quarterly

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

STORY: Carl Callow . . . The Bequest

Ugly American Ambassadors

German Ornes

The Unifying Factor of Pan-Americanism

Edward Jamison

Rugged Individualism Reconsidered

Francis Hsu

The Legacy of Freud in Art Criticism

Bertram Morris

Pigskin and Poetry

Charles Boewe

The Not So Affluent Society

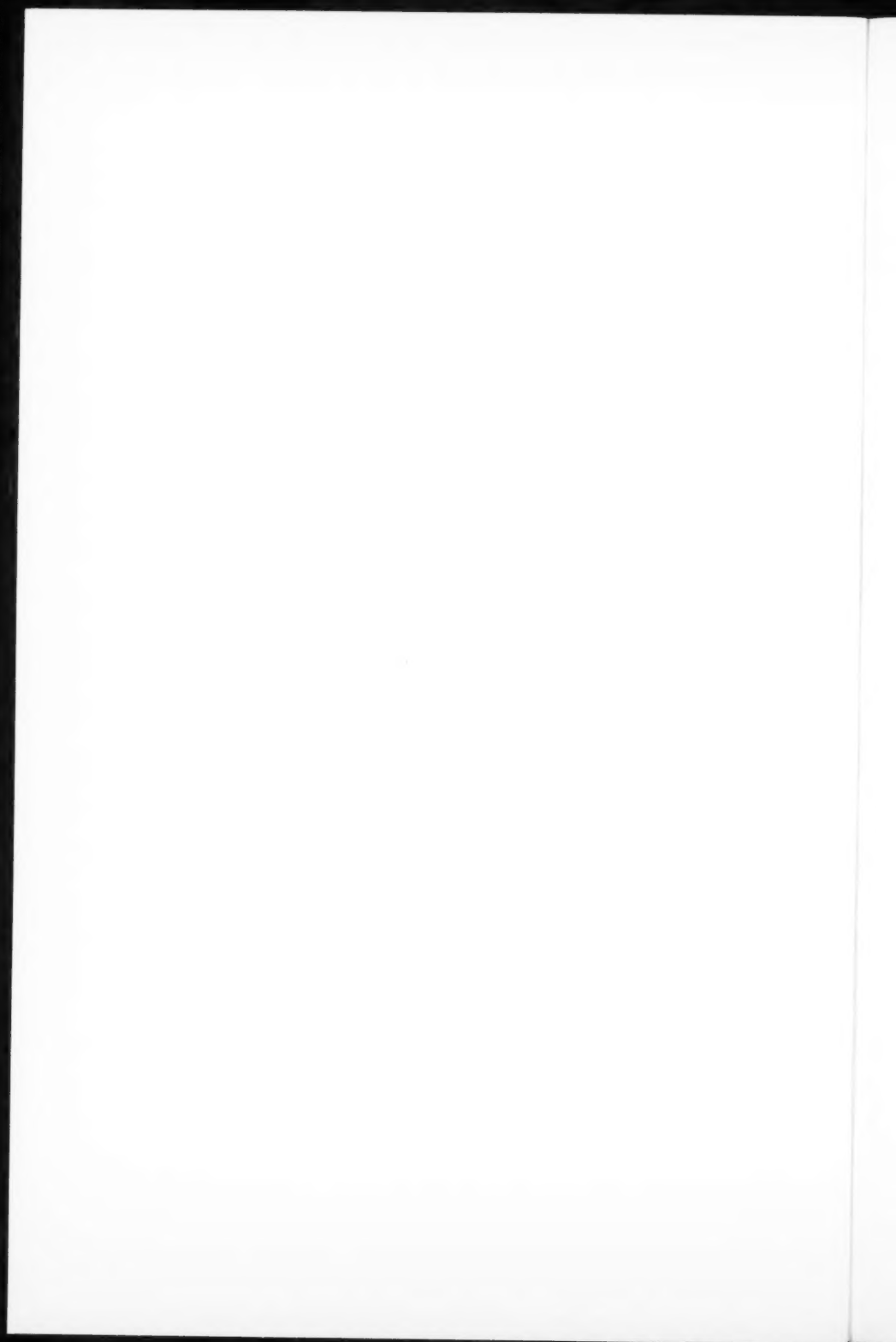
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About the Authors

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(Continued on page 192)

Ugly American Ambassadors

GERMÁN E. ORNES

More often than not, foreigners who visit the United States hide behind their courteous and noncommittal demeanor a well developed set of preconceptions. Visitors especially from Latin America very likely harbor strongly negative views about the United States and its foreign policy. However, judging from my own experience, I believe that the people of this country offer a persuasive answer to those preconceptions. And they have the answer because Americans have managed to keep alive and in relatively good shape their traditional freedoms and their widely recognized sense of fair play.

Those are features of the national character very much admired by foreigners who, like me, have the good fortune of seeing them at work within the limits of this nation. Due, however, to the dismal failure of U. S. policy-making agencies to translate those sterling qualities into a comprehensive body of foreign policy, there is a great deal of misunderstanding about America, both as a nation and as a great democratic society. In the inter-American field, for instance, one of the great tragedies of our era is that, notwithstanding the lofty words to the contrary, the peoples of the New World have been unable, thus far, to work out genuine bonds of brotherhood and mutual understanding.

After long years spent in the quest of such a commendable goal, we still find urgent and quite complex problems besetting inter-American relations. Reared in the common heritage of the historical ideals of the Western world, the American republics should be closely tied by strong links. But instead of the fraternal embrace of people which hold in common basic human values vital to each other from a political, economic, and strategic standpoint, we often find that misgivings and suspicions mar what should be a workable and cooperative relationship. It is not only that we do not like each other as much as we should but that we do not even know each other as well as we ought. The

statement holds true despite the high-sounding oratorical exercises in the formal meetings of the Organization of American States; for at this stage, only those who have kept an unbending faith in the magic power of semantics can overlook the manner in which words have become divorced from actions in the field of inter-American affairs.

The stoning of Vice-President Nixon in Lima and Caracas two years ago, the rioting that erupted in Bolivia a little over a year ago, the anti-American demonstrations recently held in Panama, and the strong pronouncements of the Cuban revolutionary leader Dr. Fidel Castro are all-too-vivid evidence of a sad state that no diplomatic doubletalk can cover up. These seemingly unrelated events follow, no doubt, the same cause and must be considered, if nothing else, as the explosions of latent resentments which were planted during a long stretch of time.

It is true that in certain instances the anti-American pronouncements in Latin America flow in the usual pattern of demagogues who seek to camouflage their own tribulations—which might explain why such archenemies as the dean of the Western world's dictators, Rafael L. Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, and Fidel Castro frequently meet on the same propaganda wave length against the United States. It is also true that often the anti-American vilification is the offspring of Communist movements bent on undermining the beneficial influence that the American democratic way of life might exert, if properly exported, in Latin American societies. It has been amply proved, for instance, that Red agitators helped to organize and direct the shocking demonstrations against Mr. Nixon, but the important factor is that they could not have succeeded if a widespread popular resentment against the United States had not existed. Therefore, it would be a serious mistake to write off these unfortunate incidents as just demagoguery or communism in action.

Doctor Milton Eisenhower once stated in the introduction of a report submitted to his brother President Dwight D. Eisenhower that "Latin America is a continental area in ferment." Though fairly correct this observation was rather an understatement. Latin America, if not actually yet in the grip of a great revolutionary upheaval, is, at least, on the threshold of wide social

and political changes. The United States, with its traditions of freedom, democracy, and justice, should be able to understand the situation. But somehow this country has managed to appear callous and indifferent toward the legitimate aspirations of the Latin American masses.

Somewhat unfairly perhaps, but quite understandably, the United States government, or more properly its foreign policy agencies, is being considered, throughout Latin America, as utterly indifferent to the great efforts now being exerted to insure the political, social, and economic maturity of the whole area. Only when outward crises, such as those marked by the anti-American abuse now pouring out of Cuban TV sets and radios, the anti-Nixon riots, the burning of the American flag by a Panamanian mob, or the anti-American slogans of an irate rabble in the streets of La Paz, hit the American nation with all the force of their ugly implications, do the United States foreign policy planners seem ready to step in and give their attention to the inner causes of the explosive situation.

Then, for a while people read in the press that an "agonizing reappraisal" of the Latin American policy of the United States is under way. But either you pull through your agonies quite easily, or in the long run you convince yourselves that the crisis in question is not actually fatal. Soon both the agony and the excitement are over, and with them go the "agonizing reappraisals."

In certain instances, however, plans are rapidly designed to give further amounts of financial assistance to Latin America and even a few solid steps are taken in that direction. But disillusion soon paralyzes the American planners when the economic solution fails to provide an immediate and satisfactory answer to the disquieting problems. Then Americans tend to grow impatient and wonder, in a puzzled way, what is wrong after all?

The truth is that the economic approach is not enough. Undoubtedly economic aid is an important factor in the field of inter-American relations and will grow in importance as soon as a formula is devised to by-pass corrupt official cliques, dictatorial governments, and vested interests and instead bring the financial assistance directly to the people.

The problems of the decreasing prices of cash crops, of increas-

ing import quotas on sugar, lead, and zinc, about which we hear so much as the root of the differences between the United States and Latin America, are certainly vital issues. But in a continent overburdened by a high rate of illiteracy, these complex economic problems mean very little to the average person. Workers, students, and even intellectuals are not prone to read statistics in Latin America. But even if they were so inclined, those problems seldom exert much direct influence in their lives and ways of thinking. And for the very simple reason that whether tariffs are lowered or import quotas increased by the United States is something with very little bearing on the immediate economic plight of the Latin American.

Unfortunately, hardly anything is ever planned, much less done, in areas where people would easily realize that the foreign policy of the United States is conducted in a manner sympathetic to their aspirations of freedom, as well as designed to improve their social, economic, and educational status.

A politician of uncommon skill, Vice-President Nixon absorbed a vast amount of information during his eventful trip to South America in 1958, and from that mass of data he developed an incisive grasp of the fundamental premises on which the United States policy toward Latin America should be rebuilt. And, it should be noted, his emphasis was not only in the economic field but also in the political. Mr. Nixon's recommendations—later supported by Milton Eisenhower and such a noted specialist on Latin America affairs as Governor Luis Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico—boiled down in the political field to the adoption, as a fixed feature of American foreign policy, of a position of cool correctness toward dictators and dictatorial regimes—an *abrazo* (embrace) for democrats, a handshake for dictators.

The suggestions of the Vice-President were received with widespread approval throughout the Hemisphere. Unfortunately the expectations they aroused were to be shortlived. Although the points stressed by Mr. Nixon were painfully clear to the citizenry of other Western Hemisphere republics, they seemed to be lost on the Americans placed in policy-making levels. The late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and his Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs Roy R. Rubottom disagreed with Mr.

le

Nixon. According to their views, the doctrine of nonintervention prevented the United States from making any distinction between dictatorships and democracies.

As should have been expected, the State Department's attitude struck Latin Americans as nothing but a thin legalism or perhaps unpardonable double-talk. Too many people in Latin America still remember the interventionist braggings of the platform of the Republican Party for the 1956 presidential elections. The document in question claimed as one of the achievements of the first Eisenhower administration in the field of foreign policy "the expulsion of the Communist regime ruling Guatemala." It then went on to boast, "Today Guatemala is liberated from Kremlin control."

This pitiful record of inconsistencies has been highly instrumental in molding a sharply defined reputation for the State Department as a willing supporter of dictatorships. The charge, of course, is indignantly rejected by American diplomats. In an effort to refute such a notion, they point out that the United States favors democracy as a governing principle, does not put Latin American dictators into power, and recognizes them once in power only as it recognizes any ruling government. Also in rebuttal President Eisenhower himself went a little farther. "I have heard it said that the United States supports dictators," the President observed in a speech delivered at Santiago, Chile. "This is ridiculous . . . We repudiate dictatorship in any form, right or left."

Ironically enough, President Eisenhower's statement has had some beneficial effect. Since there are very few people faithless enough to ascribe the slightest touch of cynicism to Mr. Eisenhower's remarks, his rejection of the charges has filled with renewed hopes the hearts of many Latin Americans.

People are now sure that somewhere down the line of President Eisenhower's administrators there must be a few ugly characters hell-bent on sabotaging his avowed policy of repudiation of all sorts of dictatorships—either of the right or the left. And, understandingly enough, they look for the saboteurs among those who, in their eyes, are the most obvious transgressors—the United States ambassadors.

Communists, no doubt, have been in the forefront trying to exploit the situation and it would be sheer foolhardiness to deny that they have made a great deal of political hay out of it. But, although Communists have adroitly played up the popular feelings on the subject, they did not create these feelings out of the blue.

The Latin American belief that the present U. S. foreign policy fosters and pampers dictatorships is a solid fact to be reckoned with. Hence, many democratically minded people of Latin America feel that, even at the risk of momentarily siding with the Communists, they should not halt their honest efforts to call attention to the situation as well as to bring about an eventual change in the right direction.

Fortunately, those who think that way are no longer fighting alone. In the United States itself, there are quite a few powerful voices—not suspected of communism—which follow the same course. *The New York Times*, for instance, seems to be in complete accord with the widespread Latin American estimate of the situation. "The whole record of the present administration, in fact, has been marred by excessive friendliness to Latin American dictators," said the *Times* in its March 30, 1957, issue. Then the paper went on to put the blame squarely where it belongs. "The fault probably lies," it said, "in our diplomatic representation, which is generally of a high order, but which in the case of the dictators has curiously enough been characterized by envoys who have gone out of their way to show an unnecessary degree of friendliness. This was true in Argentina under Perón, in Nicaragua under Anastasio Somoza and in Venezuela. It is especially true to-day of the Dominican Republic and Cuba."

The record, as suggested by the *Times*, is impressive. Worse yet, at least for the United States, is the fact that the situation is reaching a point where it is no longer viewed with wrath, but rather with irony and a touch of cynicism.

Lest I now fall into a succession of sweeping generalizations, which I regard as a dangerous pitfall in any serious examination of vital issues, I shall try to offer, through a series of factual sketches, as much information as I can about this era of blundering diplomacy. To do so I shall rely, as far as is permissible, on

other people's words, particularly those of keen North American observers.

My first sketch will be a picture of that seemingly indestructible and apparently irreplaceable North Dakotan Thomas E. Whelan, U. S. Ambassador to Nicaragua since 1951 and conspicuous poker companion of two generations of Nicaraguan dictators. It is somewhat arbitrarily that I choose Ambassador Whelan to lead off the parade. Nevertheless, he seems to deserve the place, for length of service if for nothing else. Professor James L. Busey, one of the distinguished authorities on Latin America at the University of Colorado, has written a revealing article for *The Nation* magazine, which contains a thorough analysis of that remarkable, and perhaps unique, phenomenon of hereditary dictatorship we are now witnessing in Nicaragua. In the process, Professor Busey also touches on Ambassador Whelan's deep flirtations with the ruling Somoza family. Professor Busey observes: "Whatever their political differences, however, all anti-Somoza leaders, and all Central Americans I have interviewed on the subject, charge that U. S. Ambassador Thomas E. Whelan is inextricably involved with the dynasty."

Busey then quotes one of the most courageous young Latin American journalists—Pedro Joaquin Chamorro, publisher of the daily *La Prensa* of Managua. A man of strong conservative political leanings, who has suffered brutal tortures in Somoza's jails and is now serving another prison term, Chamorro observes in a book recently published in Mexico—*Estirpe Sangrienta: Los Somoza*—"Ambassador Whelan has participated in social functions in a salon looking out upon the cages which confined some of Somoza's political opponents." Professor Busey likewise recalls that Emilio Borges González, exiled professor of law of the University of Leon, Nicaragua, wrote in a scholarly Costa Rican quarterly that Mr. Whelan "acts as a propaganda agent for the Somoza brothers." It is doubtful that Professor Busey's appraisal of the situation will meet any serious challenge:

No rational person expects an Ambassador to be openly hostile to the regime to which he is accredited. But in Nicaragua we have a clear-cut case of the United States obdurately retaining one whom Central America widely believes is playing footsy with a hated dictatorship.

In the face of the Smith-Batista revelations, and the widespread Latin American impression that this is precisely the way the United States conducts itself with dictators, the State Department should either explain or correct the Nicaraguan diplomatic situation.

The violent anti-American riots that blazed in Bolivia in March, 1959, are too recent—and too tragic as well—to have been forgotten. The vexing episode is deeply regretted both in the United States and in Bolivia. While some Americans cannot get over the fact that the case somewhat amounts to biting the helping hand, generously stretched out, most Bolivians keep very much in mind that it was an American diplomat who supplied the ammunition so badly needed by the troublemakers to start things rolling. An unnamed official of the United States Embassy in La Paz was reported by *Time* magazine as saying in jest, "The only solution to Bolivia's problems is to abolish Bolivia. Let her neighbors divide up the country and the problems."

Printed inconspicuously in the Latin American edition of *Time*, the story was promptly translated into Spanish by Bolivian newspapers and blown up out of proportion in their front pages. The ensuing popular wrath was so acute that the Bolivian government felt itself compelled to describe the quotation as "injurious to the national honor and inadmissible to the Bolivian people."

Had the indiscreet American diplomat only known a little of Bolivian history, he would have been able to forecast the violent reaction to his foolish joke. He would have also known that the reaction thus provoked was but a sign of a deeper rift in United States-Bolivian relations.

During the Second World War, when the issue between democracy and totalitarianism was at deadly heat, the United States managed to mobilize the support of Latin America to its cause. This mobilization was economic, military, and moral. But even as the war against totalitarianism progressed, the arms supplied to Latin American countries by the United States were used to destroy trade unions, suppress civil liberties, and crush constitutional government. And quite frequently the oppressors justified their methods as an end to keep alive the war effort—so that democracy would not be destroyed.

One of those allies of the United States was General Peñaranda,

President of Bolivia. Right in the middle of his cooperation in implanting democracy on a world-wide scale he took to the war path against his own people. As a result a large number of tin miners were massacred at Catavi—by Peñaranda's own soldiers, it is true, but with American arms nevertheless.

No one in his right mind is going to blame the United States for the crimes of a Latin American dictator against his own countrymen. However, this is not the point. What Bolivians still resent is that following the unforgettable massacre, the dictator was invited to the United States and rewarded with an honorary degree from Columbia University. (Almost at the same time the University of Pittsburgh was granting the same honor to Trujillo.)

The indiscretions of the last two ambassadors the United States sent to Cuba just before the downfall of the tyrannical Batista regime contributed to the increase in Cuban hostility toward the United States. Ambassador Arthur L. Gardner, a political appointee, never hid his affection for Batista. "Gardner began a fantastic love affair with Batista that made it apparent that the U. S. Government supported the dictator," wrote Stan Opotowsky in *The New York Post* of August 30, 1957. Then he added: "Gardner posed smiling with Batista astride U. S. tanks, seemingly to indicate that our military was ever ready to support his regime."

Gardner's grasp of Cuban affairs is revealed in his comparison of the beginnings of the present Cuban revolution to gang warfare, Chicago style, which would soon be easily suppressed by the forces of order—represented, naturally, by Fulgencio Batista. On another occasion Gardner was reported as saying that "all Cuban presidents before Batista were crooks."

Earl T. Smith, Gardner's successor, was not a trained diplomat either, but he started his tour of duty under shining auspices. He took a very courageous and forthright stand when, right after arriving in Cuba, he denounced the brutal repression by the Cuban police of a peaceful demonstration of two hundred women of the city of Santiago, staged to coincide with his own visit to the place.

Smith's attitude was widely praised throughout Latin America,

but somehow the Ambassador soon learned to subordinate himself to the higher call of protocol and fell into line. Eventually he identified himself so closely with the Batista regime that he practically had to flee the country alongside the deposed Dictator. One week after the triumph of Castro's revolution, in January, 1959, Smith submitted his resignation, which was promptly accepted by President Eisenhower.

Notwithstanding the circumstances surrounding his resignation, Smith has not honored the tight-lipped discretion expected from all diplomats, whether they are professional or political appointees such as himself. He has continued to sound off vocally about Cuba's internal affairs and is at present one of the strongest sponsors of the let-us-get-tough-with-Castro line.

Venezuela, just liberated from the stranglehold of one of the most ruthless satrapies of Latin America, is now striving hard to stabilize its newly gained democratic freedoms. For an account of U.S.-Venezuelan relations in the not-too-distant past, when liberty was not there, I shall rely upon the observations of Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, a noted and perceptive American student of the international relations of his own country.

In a speech delivered last year at the University of Florida in Gainesville, Senator Humphrey had this to say:

In 1954 Secretary Dulles took time to fly to the ninth Inter-American Conference in Caracas to press for an inter-American declaration against Communist intervention in the Western Hemisphere. That very same year we bestowed the Legion of Merit on Pérez Jiménez then the hated dictator of Venezuela. . . .

Shortly after our tribute to Pérez Jiménez, the Archbishop of Caracas dared to denounce the tyrant in a pastoral letter, and thousands of anguished Venezuelans hazarded their lives to get rid of the bloody oppressor upon whom we had lavished praise.

On January 10, 1958—just thirteen days before unarmed men, women, and children rose heroically against the brutal Venezuelan dictatorship—the man who had been our ambassador to Venezuela from 1951 to 1956 wrote from his new post in Turkey to the dictator's savage secret police chief congratulating him for putting down the first abortive revolt. The letter, on Foreign Service Stationery, came to light after the democratic revolution.

The American ambassador, so closely identified with the Vene-

zuelan forces of reaction and oppression, was Fletcher Warren. His letter may go down in the annals of United States diplomacy as a textbook example of how to lose the good will of a nation. Ironically, as well, there is a strong suspicion that the same document may have been highly instrumental in creating the conditions which brought about the ordeal suffered by Vice-President Nixon at the hands of a Caracas mob.

Up to this point I have refrained from making any reference to the indiscretions of the American ambassadors to my own country, the Dominican Republic. I did not want to create the impression at the outset that I was talking out of resentment—no matter how justified.

In the Dominican Republic, however, the indiscretions have been far graver than elsewhere. The Dominican dictator, Rafael L. Trujillo, is a man who spares no effort to convince his subjects that they can expect neither encouragement nor sympathy from the outside world, and for this purpose the always carefully cultivated friendship of U. S. official representatives has proved very helpful.

Aside from a brief period, during which Ambassador Ellis O. Briggs earned himself the honorable distinction of being declared *persona non grata* by Trujillo, the story of the American ambassadors in Trujillo land is, during the past twenty years, a ceaseless chain of transgressions of the rules of diplomatic propriety.

No one, for example, would ever dare to claim lack of knowledge of the nature of the role performed by the Dominican Armed Forces as the most efficient tool of terror within the *Trujillista* fief. However, in 1943 and 1944 the United States Ambassador, Avra Warren, enlisted his own son as a cadet of the Dominican Army and allowed him to parade everywhere in the country wearing the uniform of Trujillo's soldiers.

In the Dominican Republic, as in Nicaragua, the private home of the Dictator is located next door to the American Embassy. There, as well, American ambassadors are habitual guests of the private parties of the ruling coterie.

The effusive friendliness of the first Ambassador appointed by the Eisenhower administration, William Pheiffer, was always skil-

fully exploited by Dominican propagandists intent on maintaining the impression that tight liaison prevails between Washington and Ciudad Trujillo. A politician with no previous diplomatic experience, Pheiffer went to the Dominican Republic in 1953 set on achieving success in his personal dealing with the Dictator. "I'll just talk that cow-country language to him and we'll get along all right," he said to *Time* magazine just before assuming his post in Ciudad Trujillo.

And Pheiffer achieved success. In fact, too much success for his own country's good. As predicted by Pheiffer, he and Trujillo "got along all right," and it was not long before their photographs, in the most cordial of poses, were being prominently displayed by Trujillo's captive press.

Once Pheiffer made a special trip to West Palm Beach, Florida, to deliver at the local Rotary Club a pro-Trujillo speech. This piece was later printed by the Dominican Party—Trujillo's own political party—and widely distributed within and without the Dominican Republic. Pheiffer's laudatory remarks about Trujillo and his regime amount to a sickening anthology on sycophancy. He seriously observed that had Trujillo been born in the United States he would have become a successful bank president—a remark that prompted discerning Dominicans to observe that obviously the Ambassador's opinion of the banking profession in America was not very high. A comparison with successful Americans of another stripe, such as Jimmy Hoffa, for instance, would have been more apropos.

The above quoted self-derogatory remark was not an exception; Dominican propagandists still quote Pheiffer as saying that Trujillo's Dominican Republic was "the Texas of the Caribbean." Thus, no one expressed surprise when Pheiffer told a British newspaperman that Trujillo had "all the characteristics of an empire builder."

Eventually Pheiffer disqualified himself for further diplomatic service and his routine resignation, submitted at the beginning of President Eisenhower's second term, was accepted. But the Dominicans' hopes that a capable successor would be selected were not to be fulfilled. Though Pheiffer's successor, Ambassador Joseph Farland, has not been as overtly indiscreet as his predecessor.

sor, he has shown at times either a discouraging naïveté or a total inability to grasp the realities of the Dominican situation.

Farland has been used for Trujillista propaganda purposes as much as Pheiffer. On June 8, 1958, *The New York Herald Tribune* published a paid supplement in which the alleged progress of the Dominican Republic under Trujillo was thoroughly reported. Although the paper did not comply with the rules of ethics and thus did not clearly brand the supplement as an "advertisement," the American Ambassador saw nothing objectionable in it. One of the main features of the publication was a statement by Farland praising Trujillo leadership. The message ended: "I look forward in the future to a continuance, to a strengthening and a broadening of our mutual effort in the pursuit of our common aims." Common aims, indeed, between Trujillo and the United States!

In January of this year Dominicans thought they were witnessing an encouraging change of heart in the attitude of the United States toward the Dominican regime. In the wake of Trujillo's jailing of hundreds and maybe thousands of his opponents and the Catholic Church's restrained but also strong criticism of his dictatorial repression, the State Department expressed "concern" over the situation and recalled Ambassador Farland for "consultations."

However, back in the Dominican Republic after a few days in Washington, Farland took upon himself the task of dampening any enthusiasm on the part of the Dominican citizenry. Upon his return, his first public appearance—and one of course widely advertised by Dominican press and radio—was at a party given in honor of Trujillo's daughter at the home of Trujillo's closest aide.

In the face of this disconcerting record of blundering diplomacy, the logical question is: How does the United States recruit these ambassadors? A thorough examination reveals that most of them—an overwhelming majority indeed—are political appointees. Many are selected only on the strength of their financial contributions to their political parties. But in the particular case of Mr. Whelan a more bizarre method of selection was followed. According to the *New York Times* of June 8, 1959:

Ambassador Whelan's debut in diplomacy was unorthodox in many ways. For one, he was a Republican, appointed by President Harry S. Truman, a dedicated Democrat. He got the appointment—the first native North Dakotan to be an ambassador—because Senator William Langer, a Republican from that state, threatened to vote against all ambassadorial nominations until a North Dakotan was named.

The legend is that Senator Langer was told, "You pick some one, and we'll appoint him." Senator Langer picked Mr. Whelan, the Republican State Chairman.

Political appointees do not hold the monopoly on diplomatic faux pas, however. Sometimes, the career men have shown themselves as devoid of good judgment as their amateur colleagues. A good example was provided in June, 1959, during a heated debate in the Organization of American States (OAS) over whether or not the international body should go to the rescue of the Somoza regime then threatened by revolutionary forces that the Somozas claimed were based in Costa Rica. The U. S. Ambassador to the OAS not only threw all the weight of the immense influence of his country in favor of Nicaragua, but, in the process, he also uttered one of the most amazing statements ever heard within the councils of the inter-American body. John C. Dreier, an experienced career diplomat, practically formulated a brand new theory on the causes of tensions in the Americas. In fact, he said that the activities of the political exiles "which promote civil strife in their own countries, for whatever motives, have long been recognized in the inter-American community as a major cause of international tension and conflict."

The pronouncement, which should be carefully studied by American social scientists, put all the blame for political and social discontent on the oppressed, not on the oppressors. Hence, those who long for freedom and democracy, for an opportunity to enjoy all the rights whose exercise has never been denied to Mr. Dreier, are the guilty ones. It seems that if only people would grow meek and resigned enough to live their entire lives in fear, to subject themselves without a protest to the ruthless repression of the dictatorial regimes, there would be no more tensions and everything would be fine with inter-American relations.

It goes without saying that not many people in Latin America

agree with Mr. Dreier and that since he was talking in his official capacity, his statement, regarded as an expression of American foreign policy, was promptly repeated by those interested in making political capital out of the frequent errors of American diplomats.

Nevertheless, it is not only on the ambassadors' level where the major mistakes of the inter-American policy of the United States are usually committed. Sometimes they occur in higher echelons; sometimes in lower. But the unfortunate deeds are always there, ready to lend a hand to those who want to advance a legitimate grudge or foster further resentments.

People in Latin America still remember with chagrin Vice-President Nixon's first trip to the region. His visit to the Dominican Republic in 1955 must still haunt the Vice-President, and, if properly used by his political opponents, could prove a bothersome irritant in this year of presidential elections.

The arrival of Mr. Nixon provided Trujillo's propagandists with a golden opportunity. On his tour, Nixon presented the chief of state of each country he visited with an autographed picture of President Eisenhower. To the Dominican Republic, however, he brought two photographs—one for the President, Trujillo's little brother, and another for Trujillo himself. This was promptly played up as giving Washington's official blessing to the strange situation prevailing in the country, where the legal President ranks second to his dictator brother.

Nixon was also widely photographed embracing Trujillo—exactly the sort of thing he now so forcibly condemns. Earl Mazo, who as a biographer of Nixon is considered both truthful and sympathetic, had this to say about the incident of the photographs: "Some tours have had embarrassing aftermaths, typified by the Dominican Republic's distribution of a large photograph of Nixon and the dictator Trujillo, smiling at each other over raised wine glasses, with Nixon quoted as saying, 'A toast to this great country and its illustrious ruler.' "

Ill feelings are also nurtured by less obvious incidents, most of them never brought to the glare of public light. Very few Americans know, for instance, something all Dominicans have constantly before their eyes—that former Assistant Secretary of State

for inter-American affairs, Henry Holland, is now a business partner in an oil exploring corporation controlled by Dominican government officials.

Holland, who spent most of Eisenhower's first term as the guiding hand of the Latin American policy of the United States, took up his business partnership in the Dominican Republic within a few months after his resignation in 1956. (Another partner in the same venture is also a former American diplomat—William D. Pawley, who served as Ambassador to Brazil and Peru during the Truman administration.)

It should not be hard to imagine the explosion of big headlines in the American press if the head of the Russian desk in the State Department started to do business with Soviet interests shortly after his resignation. Or, for that matter, if the person in charge of Cuban affairs in the State Department became a partner of a group of friends of Fidel Castro in similar circumstances. Oddly enough, hardly a protest was registered on account of Mr. Holland's partnership with Dominican officials.

Knowing this, however, it would be easy to understand other actions of Mr. Holland. During the reign of Pérez Jiménez, in Venezuela, Holland went out of his way to keep a watchful eye on the activities of the present President of Venezuela, Dr. Romulo Betancourt, then living in exile in Puerto Rico.

Mr. Holland's attitude toward Betancourt provided a disagreeable incident, which was recalled by *Time* magazine of February 8, 1960, in the following words:

In 1955 Governor Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico invited President Figueres of Costa Rica to a meeting in Puerto Rico, where Betancourt, a good friend of both, was then living. The State Department's chief of Latin American affairs, Henry Holland, hastily got Muñoz Marín on the telephone. He insisted that Muñoz send Betancourt out of Puerto Rico as long as Figueres was there to keep Venezuelan Dictator Pérez Jiménez from thinking that a plot against him was being hatched on U. S. soil. Filled with shame, Muñoz sent Betancourt on his way to the nearby Virgin Islands.

The State Department never publicly explains the real reasons behind its movements, so people have to draw their own conclusions. Thus incidents of this sort can be easily mangified, particu-

larly when they are not isolated and seem to fit into a well calculated pattern of mistaken foreign policy.

No one in Latin America will ever believe that the award of the Legion of Merit to Pérez Jiménez was made on a thoughtless impulse. And they seem to be right. One of most perceptive students of Latin American affairs, Tad Szulc of *The New York Times*, says that the medal was given to the Venezuelan dictator "as the price for agreeing not to bring his personal feud with Costa Rica's President Jose Figueres before the Organization of American States."

"The State Department was worried," writes Szulc in his book *Twilight of Dictators*, "by possible repercussions in the Hemisphere should the dispute come into the open, and the knowledge that Pérez Jiménez, in his vanity, would settle for the medal led to the secret policy decision to make the award. The grant of the decoration was also expected to influence Pérez Jiménez to continue the agreements under which the United States military mission operated in Venezuela."

These "misguided accommodations," to borrow a phrase from *Time*, are not, as it can be gathered from Szulc's writings, the exclusive work of the State Department. Several times, especially in recent months, the State Department has designed an action, clearly in the right direction, only to find the road blocked by a hurdle planted by the Department of Defense.

The disturbing influence of the military in the conduct of American foreign policy, at least in the Caribbean, fairly well illustrated by recent happenings in Panama and the Dominican Republic, has many people wondering who actually conducts American diplomacy. At this stage many qualified observers are beginning to feel that the Pentagon, in true Latin American style, is more powerful than the State Department in the formulation of national policy.

Thus, while Ambassador Farland was in Washington for "consultations" last January and the State Department was voicing "concern" for the ruthless suppression of civil liberties by the Trujillo regime, the Navy Department sent—for "recreation purposes," it was officially announced—a large naval squadron and several thousands sailors to the port of the Dominican capital city.

So entrenched is the idea in Latin America that the United States will have nothing to do with liberal and democratic forces that responsible persons throughout the hemisphere readily accepted the rumor—perhaps absurd—spread by both *Trujillistas* and Communists (though for quite different reasons) that the United States fleet stood ready offshore to protect Trujillo.

In the case of the Panamanian claim to raise its flag alongside the American flag in the Canal Zone, both the U. S. President and the State Department felt somewhat inclined to grant the petition, but the Defense Department was strongly opposed and had no qualms about making public its opposition. "President Eisenhower," reported *Newsweek* on March 21, 1960, "has said that he sees no reason why they shouldn't [fly their colors in the Zone]. And the State Department, privately, agrees with him. The Defense Department, however, is opposed to letting Panama fly the Panamanian flag in the Zone, and the House of Representatives goes along with the Defense Department."

Seemingly operating in the belief that "strong arm" regimes are an asset in the cold war, the Pentagon has never hidden its preference for the Latin American dictatorial regimes. During the last five years alone, the Dominican people have witnessed an endless inflow of Army, Navy, and Air Force brass. More than ninety high ranking officers and officials of the Pentagon have gone to Ciudad Trujillo to pay homage to the Dictator. Not only have the visitors been lavishly wined and dined by Trujillo, but they have repaid his hospitality with warm words of praise for him and his regime.

It is a well known fact too that most of the decorations awarded to Latin American dictators and their minions have been pinned on their chests by the military. The Legion of Merit was also awarded to General Manuel Odría, then dictator of Peru. And the Paraguayan dictator General Alfredo Stroessner was decorated with a United States military medal by a visiting American general in 1956.

"The incidents are, unfortunately, not isolated," says Senator Humphrey in his oft quoted speech. "Our Defense Department, in the middle of the Cuban revolt, decorated the officer who had commanded air raids against the Cuban people. We kept up a

stream of armaments to Batista long after it had become apparent that he was using them against his own people, contrary to the terms of our defense agreement."

This, of course, brings another point clearly into focus. I do not know whether the United States is kidding itself with all the talk about giving military aid to Latin American nations for Hemispheric defense purposes. The obsolescent arms given to Latin American armies are worthless in a world conflict and can be properly used only as Batista and others have used them, as a means of suppressing the Latin American peoples.

The Latin peoples are well aware of this fact and they cannot overlook it. A Nicaraguan opponent of the Somoza family may have served as a spokesman for all when he said: "I didn't especially enjoy being carried to jail in a jeep with a sign on it saying: 'Gift of the People of the United States to the People of Nicaragua.'"

American high military circles, however, do not seem to mind the apprehensions they daily arouse among the popular forces of Latin America. They seem to believe that the only way their own American democracy can be preserved is through the maintenance of a string of outposts manned by men who do not believe in democracy themselves. At least this was the impression left in April, 1957, by the then Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Arthur Radford. As reported by *The New York Times*, Admiral Radford declared, at a gathering of Inter-American military brass in Panama, that it would be "through the efforts of the military men of the Americas that we will maintain the solidarity and the security of our republics."

I could go on citing examples, but I think that I may have taxed your patience too much already with a recital of facts which only are symptoms of the sickness, not the sickness itself. The main question is, as I see it, why, despite so much criticism and so much prodding, have United States policy and practice in this field never been corrected, regardless of whose administration is in power?

I do not pretend to know what is going on behind the closed doors of either the State Department or the Pentagon. Yet, enough has been written on the subject to allow any trained ob-

server to draw a few conclusions. It seems that, in general, United States attitudes toward Latin America find roots in a whole set of dangerous misconceptions. When the realities just recounted are presented to them, American diplomats almost invariably answer by mouthing the policy of non-intervention. Apparently, they do not realize that the mere existence of those realities belies the existence of a real practice of non-intervention. One way or another they constitute interventions in the internal affairs of other peoples, and if you do not hear a big outcry, it is only because the policies, as carried out, benefit those who are in power and who have a monopoly of the instruments needed to call attention effectively to an overt act of intervention.

If an American ambassador shows friendship to a dictator, the dictator is not going to complain and will not consider that intervention. But, if, on the other hand, the same Ambassador even receives as a routine matter an opposition leader, the dictator, his press, and his diplomats are likely to cry out loudly, "Intervention."

As frequently pointed out, the gingerly treatment of dictators, to avoid their charges of "intervention," is tantamount to granting them veto power over the nomination of U. S. ambassadors. "So careful was the [U. S.] government not to ruffle the feelings of dictators," writes Szulc in his book, "that when Colombia's Rojas Pinilla objected to the presence of American Ambassador Philip Bonsal, one of the most distinguished Foreign Service Officers, at a luncheon for an editor whom President Rojas disliked, the State Department transferred Mr. Bonsal without protest."

This talk of non-intervention boils down to nothing when matters are looked at from another vantage point. Even if the famous dictum of the Secretary of State of President Cleveland—"The United States is practically sovereign on this Continent and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its intervention"—may no longer be entirely true in this modern world of more evolved international law and organizations, the United States, nevertheless, is still the largest and most powerful country of the Continent, either politically, militarily, or economically. It is in the nature of things that United States policy should have strong repercussions south of the Rio Grande. Among Latin

Americans—who sometimes are very realistic—there is a common saying that when the United States sneezes, Latin America catches cold.

The United States is a big country, economically powerful; so even neutrality on its part may gravely affect a situation. Let me hasten to add, however, that I do not advocate sending the Marines anywhere even to insure democracy, nor do I expect the United States to favor one political party over some others in an old-fashioned partisan battle at the polls. What I would like to make clear is that absolute non-intervention is a practical impossibility. When dictators are treated as friends and allies, there is intervention—intervention that lends them respectability and strengthens the stranglehold they maintain upon their peoples.

United States policy makers can hardly ignore such a self-evident truth. Maybe, then, when they talk about the principle of non-intervention they are only paying lip service to what may be very well described as a "sacred cow."

There is the possibility, however, that the United States is convinced, as the propaganda of the dictators always contends, that the only real alternative to the present dictatorial regimes is more dictatorship—either of the left or the right—if not actual chaos and bedlam.

Or, it may well be that since Trujillo and other dictators are successful for a while in imposing—though at the cost of abolishing political and personal liberties—a certain measure of peace and stability, the United States policy planners are willing, for the sake of a status quo they perhaps consider strategically convenient, to extend to the tyrants the hand of friendship.

Dictators, however, as the rapid succession of democratic revolutions in Latin America should prove, are a passing feature in this hemisphere. No matter how much outside help they receive, dictators cannot hold out against the aroused wrath of the people. There comes a moment when popular dissatisfaction reaches a high point, when fear is forever lost, and the people abolish their oppressors. When that happens, experience shows that not only the dictators themselves but those who in any form have been associated with them in the popular mind become the subject of the people's scorn, a fact which perhaps explains, quite clearly,

why the name of the United States has been so easily converted into a whipping boy in the Latin American countries where dictatorships have been overthrown in recent years.

It is my sincere hope that this mistaken belief that in the present circumstances there is no other alternative in Latin America to dictatorships of the right than dictatorships of the left be soon discarded. Holding to it will only show a lamentable lack of faith in the guiding principles of the democratic system. Eventually this might seriously undermine even the liberties of the United States.

It is not my mission, however, to tell you how to act or not to act. I am a foreigner and it would be very improper for me to suggest any course of action. But I have the right, as an interested observer of the situation, to tell you the truth as I see it, and nothing but the truth. And, for that matter, as honestly and as forcefully as possible.

We have a saying in Spanish that goes this way: "*Quien bien te quiere te hará llorar.*" (Roughly translated it reads: "He who loves you dearly will make you cry.") And we believe so, because it is demonstrated by the accumulated wisdom of generations that only those who really care for us are capable of telling us the truth. And the truth is not always pleasant.

With respect to this country I feel that I fit into the category of a friend. I love the United States dearly for several reasons, but mainly because I am married to a wonderful American girl and I have found here a refuge that allows me to live with a dignity and self-respect that I could not find nowadays in my own native land.

I wish to end now, however, on a note of high hope, as well as one of warning. The note of hope is that ugly as the picture I have just shown may be, I am sure that eventually it will prove to be a thing of the past, because a people who, like the American people, have been able to create such a great nation and such splendid institutions of freedom and democracy, will undoubtedly find a way out of this predicament. And when that happens, democracy will cease to be an exclusive preserve of yours and will become the common property of all the peoples of the Western World.

Yet, if you fail to work out the methods to improve the present situation, you will be bound, no matter how powerful you may be, to find yourselves totally isolated within a rising world of emerging revolutions, totally hostile, if not to what you really are, then to the image that your foreign policy has created.

REUNION

By NORMAN NATHAN

We joke and seek an ancient mood:
Some hours in a French café
When like bohemians we drank
Chablis, and drowned our New York day.
For youth's a time when minutes sing:
A new acquaintance crowns you king.

Now who's torn down the rocky wall
We knew we'd scale and find the treasure?
And who's explored our magic isles
And sold a book that marked their measure?
And who has crushed us till we wince:
No new acquaintance makes us prince.

The earthy touch on heart and soul
That could not quell our love of shock
In ventures brightened by bad odds
Has now become an iron lock.
Old-new acquaintance, where's the key
That crowns no kings but sets us free?

Six Sonnets

JESSE STUART

There is no need for one to say the bee
Has come to gather honey from the clover
And honeydew from leaves of sweetgum tree,
It is too late because the summer's over
With frosted petals of late flowers dying.
And strange winds whining in the tangled grass.
High overhead the southbound geese are flying
Up in bright wind as clean as polished glass;
Only what is to die is dead or dying,
What once was flowering is now decay.
The bees and butterflies have stopped their flying,
Their wings returned to dust winds blew away.
This wind tells one while kissing his cool face,
Summer at last has finished its short race.

The drowsy drone of cidia in the grass
Is floating on the melancholy wind;
Drought-stricken terrapin's skull-white carcass
Make them believe most life is left behind.
Crawl lightly, copperhead, as in your past,
White, sightless clots replace your summer eyes;
You have to hibernate so you can last
Through frosty nights beneath cold, starry skies.
A world autumnally-brown moans in refrain
While sounds of water sooth your vibrant tongue
That brought you music of the summer rain.
After a winter sleep, spring makes you young.
The cidia sing of death and spring rebirth
While wind-blown leaves search for a home on earth.

Approaching chill of autumn makes blood run
As slow through vein as sap in ancient tree;
When it was young and warmed by April sun
It raced up veins of sapling sunwardly.
Approaching autumn wind makes lizards stir
And sleepy snakes seek hibernating hole,
And drowsy scorpions search for sun somewhere
And dizzy wasp return to oaken bole.
Demented, autumn wind that lifts the leaf
Weeps hypocritically and weeps alone
For all of those whose lifetimes were too brief,
Weeps for their flowers, too, whose blooms are gone.
Demented autumn wind is lonely here,
Weeping above an earth that is their bier.

Never was night as wind-swept beautiful!
Blow by them, winds, in deep poetic mood!
Go whine among the sedge where cidia lull,
But do not chill poor circulating blood.
Never were they as humble as tonight
To see the beauty they can never own
From hours of darkness to the hours of light,
From shining star to petal, leaf and stone.
Winds whisper they are dreamers in this world
Who soon must lie asleep until the spring
When resurrected life will be unfurled,
Leaf, bloom and seed and hibernating thing!
Winds tell them to enjoy autumn if they must
Since earth must soon collect its rented dust.

Sad monotone of lonely autumn wind
Cannot break slumber in this long, dark night;
Frustrated crickets have been creeping in
Leaf-drifts for shelter from their frosty plight.
This long, dark night is drifting into winter
When frozen clods can't melt beneath the sun,
When winds that breathe of frost will flush the color
In the pallid cheeks of any living one.
O, monotone of wind in slow disaster,
You have aged leaves as autumn has aged man!
Scatter your leaf-wreaths on deserted pasture
To show how you can do more than man can.
The man who lives for something in his season
Comes, loves, and lives and dies with valid reason.

Play lively, mighty autumn violins,
Dance tunes upon this earth's uneven floor;
Play swiftly in the briars where old snake skins
Will fool the flocks of hungry crows no more.
Blast forth, you mournful trumpets of late thunder!
Swish down, you dismal drumming of the rain!
This is the time to put the old life under;
Let it be resurrected life again!
Play for this season's passing from the earth!
Play for man, salamander, snake and newt!
Play for the crickets on the farmer's hearth!
Play for the seeds of life to sprout and shoot!
Play lullabies for those who are asleep,
Drown with your lively tunes all those who weep!

The Unifying Factor of Pan-Americanism

EDWARD A. JAMISON

I should like to discuss briefly in this article some of the reasons why the peoples and governments which make up the twenty-one American republics take pleasure and pride in Pan-Americanism. Let me hasten to make it clear that I do not mean that every member of the American community of nations supports enthusiastically every single aspect of the Pan-American relationship which exists among its members, or even agrees with all its manifestations. I have observed or taken part in too many inter-American meetings in the past ten years, meetings in which diversity sometimes seemed to be the prevailing note, to have any illusions on this score. But in the midst of the most extreme diversity there is almost always the struggle to reach agreement, and governments which have gone so far as even to make noises in the direction of secession from the inter-American community have subsequently thought better and more carefully of the importance the system has for them.

It is this feeling of unity among nations of different backgrounds, languages, and stages of political and economic development which should be underscored as the first important element in the spirit of Pan-Americanism. The roots of such unity grew from a geography which at one time made barriers of the vast oceans around us, from a history which gave a more or less common period of time to their respective revolutionary struggles, and from a common feeling of separateness from old world customs and institutions. In more recent times, however, this unity has stemmed from a general recognition of danger from abroad. Foreshadowed in the messages of Bolivar, Adams, and Monroe, but in reality seen only dimly during most of the nineteenth century, the existence of this danger has been clearly impressed upon the American governments by the two world conflicts of this century, as well as by the familiar design of the cold war

which international communism has waged, particularly since 1945.

But this unity is not a negative or defensive thing alone. It comes from what is at times an almost unconscious hidden recognition of the enormous, even incalculable future of a hemisphere which is growing more rapidly than any other part of the world in almost every respect. It comes from the common aspiration of peoples who live in an area which, even after centuries of growth and development, still offers a considerable part of two continents for further growth and expansion. It comes from a determination to move forward in the cooperative fostering of those political, economic, and social factors of the Western Hemisphere relationship which constitute the "convivencia interamericana." I also venture to say that it comes from a deep-seated aspiration that the new world will continue to be an ever stronger bastion of genuine and responsible liberty. It has not been nor is it likely to be long deterred by divisive influences which appear from time to time.

It is perhaps somewhat anomalous that along with the spirit of unity, as a second aspect of the general spirit of Pan-Americanism, goes the spirit of independence. It was the determination that national independence would be respected which led the Latin American governments to concentrate their attention upon the strengthening of the doctrine of non-intervention during a lengthy period of the growth of the international community. Until full agreement upon the principle of non-intervention was achieved in the important inter-American meetings in Montevideo in 1933 and Buenos Aires in 1936, the development of an international organization which could give expression to Pan-Americanism was severely limited, although by no means entirely prevented. The jealous determination of each government to preserve the elements of its national independence which it believes to be vital and to achieve its own growth and development in the manner it determines for itself remains an essential part of the inter-American scene.

What is coming increasingly to be recognized, however, is that national independence can only be preserved, at this point of the twentieth century, through cooperation. Cooperation, there-

fore, forms the third and perhaps the most important element in the spirit of Pan-Americanism today.

It is an interesting fact of history that the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace, held at Buenos Aires in 1936, achieved agreement on two matters of vital importance to Pan-Americanism. The first, as mentioned above, was full acceptance by all governments, but particularly, of course, by the Government of the United States, of the legal obligation to conform strictly to the juridical doctrine of non-intervention in the internal affairs of other American States. The second was agreement that utilization of what was then identified as the "procedure of consultation" would be called for in the event of "any act susceptible of disturbing the peace of America."

The first of these—the doctrine of non-intervention—is essentially a negative thing, since the parties to the treaty which embodied it obligated themselves *not* to do something, that is not to interfere in the affairs of their neighbors. But it was recognized then, however vaguely, that neither the independence of the respective American governments nor the well-being of the inter-American community could be maintained solely by a negative doctrine, that there were bound to be situations in which collective action, or at least consultation, might be required to prevent the deteriorated conditions which have previously brought about intervention. The agreement of 1936 to consult among themselves, particularly in the event that "the peace of the American Republics" should be threatened, was a relatively short step forward toward collective action which might be effective in maintaining that peace. The procedures for such consultation were without clear definition at that time and the kind of situation was also indefinite. The fact remains, nevertheless, that the agreement of 1936 upon the need for consultation constituted recognition that states can preserve their independence, in the modern international world, only if they concede their interdependence. Non-intervention demanded its complement. Consultation, with the implication that this would result in common action, provided that indispensable complement.

The desirability of cooperation among the American States had been recognized for years. In fact, it was Bolivar over a

hundred years earlier who had foreseen the importance of such cooperation when he set in motion the first general international meeting of newly independent governments at Panamá in 1826. The first of the modern inter-American conferences, held in Washington in 1890—which founded a bureau for inter-American cooperation and thus produced the first institutional step toward Pan-Americanism—gave expression to the need for Western Hemisphere cooperation. It is that action, taken on April 14, 1890, which we celebrate as Pan-American Day.

However, it must be admitted that the clear-cut recognition of the need for broadening the field of inter-American cooperation, of bringing it into aspects of international life where collective intergovernmental action had not previously trod, began with this initial linking in 1936 of the doctrines of “non-intervention” and “consultation.” The three essential elements of the spirit of Pan-Americanism—unity, independence, and cooperation—have developed rapidly, both in strength and in the means of giving them practical effectiveness since that time.

I should also like to call attention to one other significant achievement of the Buenos Aires Conference of 1936, since it marked one of the most important of the pioneering moves for which the inter-American system is justly famous. This was approval of a document called a “Convention for the Promotion of Inter-American Cultural Relations” in which each of the American republics obligated itself to award to two graduate students or teachers of each other American country a fellowship for each scholastic year, and to present each year a list of “. . . full professors available for exchange service from the outstanding universities, scientific institutions, and technical schools of each country.” From this list each government might select one visiting professor to lecture in its educational institutions. This convention was not a perfect document, and the program it envisaged was perhaps a bit too ambitious for the time. The Convention was, in fact, revised at the Tenth Inter-American Conference in Caracas to bring it more in line with the facts of the case. Nevertheless, this agreement in 1936 gave impulse and inspiration to the exchange of students and teachers under governmental auspices which has grown into one of the largest and most important ele-

ments in the promotion of international understanding. For it was from this small nucleus stimulus was given to the growth of what now constitute the bilateral and multilateral programs of intellectual, scientific, and technical exchange. The rapid expansion of the OAS Programs of Fellowship and Technical Cooperation in recent years has caused them to become one of the most important activities of the OAS.

The spirit of Pan-Americanism—with its constructive elements of unity, independence, and cooperation—has produced a record of achievement which can only be regarded as historic, particularly when we recall that we have recently celebrated only the seventieth anniversary of the first step toward its institutional development. It is this record of achievement which I should like to illustrate with a few examples of the “practice” of Pan-Americanism today.

The center of this “practice” is the Pan-American Union in Washington, but it has ramifications in every one of the twenty-one American countries whose governments make up the Organization of American States, the OAS.

One of the outstanding achievements of the practice of Pan-Americanism has been the welding of the inter-American regional security system. This provides the basis for common action against armed attack coming from outside the American continents and for collective action against aggression or the threat of aggression by an American State against any other American State. It is the system which provides the machinery for counteracting subversive activities emanating from abroad, whether from inside or outside the Hemisphere, which threaten the independence of an American State. It also provides the mechanism under which every American State can, if it chooses to do so, find the means for resolving those of its differences with its neighbors which cannot be resolved through direct negotiation. Thus each government has the means at its disposal to abide by the commitments it has made, to resolve every controversy it may have with any other American State by peaceful means, and to make every effort to do this within the inter-American family.

The central edifice in the structure of this regional security system is the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance—

the Treaty of Rio de Janeiro—which was agreed upon in 1947 and went into effect in 1948—just in time to demonstrate its vitality in resolving a controversy between Costa Rica and Nicaragua. The Rio Treaty's provision that an armed attack against any American State shall be regarded as an armed attack against all the American States, and the consequent obligation upon all American States to assist immediately in meeting the attack, made it a landmark in the world system of security, which in turn was made necessary by the aggressive and obstructionist tactics of the Soviets and their satellites in the United Nations. The United Nations Charter's recognition, in Article 51, of the right of collective self-defense in the event of armed attack, was included in that document at the insistence of the members of the inter-American community, and the Rio Treaty was the first formalization of that right into a mutual obligation. It was followed by the North Atlantic Treaty, the South East Asia Treaty, and all of the other regional security arrangements upon which so much of the peace of the world depends today.

But the Rio Treaty is more than an arrangement for collective security in the event of armed attack by one state against another, an eventuality which fortunately has not brought its provisions into effect. It is an instrumentality for the preservation of the independence and integrity of any American State from whatever source or by whatever means they may be endangered from abroad. In fulfilling this function it has been invoked ten times since 1947. These appeals through the Rio Treaty to the Organization of American States have varied in seriousness from situations involving minor peril not deemed by the consultative organ to require its action to others in which the independence of a state was seriously imperiled. In certain cases the danger or the threat disappeared without any further action being required. In other cases specific collective steps have been needed. What is important is that in every case the action taken dealt quickly and forcefully with the problem. In this hemisphere we have reason to believe that the stage of international development has been reached in which the guarantees of collective security will prevent armed conflicts between states.

Effective results of the practice of Pan-Americanism are by no

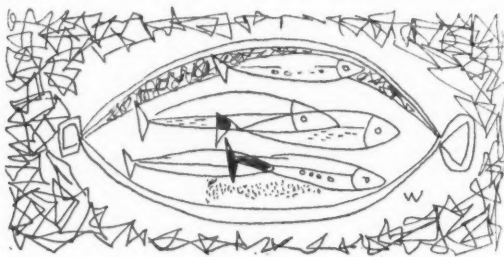
means found exclusively, however, in the perhaps more spectacular fields of international peace and security. I have mentioned the inspiration given to intellectual, cultural, and technical exchange by the Buenos Aires Convention of 1936—the forerunner of all the vast programs of intergovernmental cooperation and exchange—bilateral and multilateral. Within the Organization there are being carried on programs and projects in such widely divergent fields as training in financial statistics (Chile); a housing center (Bogotá); a training center for faculties of rural normal schools (Rubio, Venezuela); training in the evaluation of natural resources (Brazil); technical training for the improvement of agriculture and rural life (Costa Rica and three zonal centers in Habana, Lima, and Montevideo); a center for the prevention, control, and eradication of foot and mouth disease (Brazil); and training for workers in social welfare (Buenos Aires). Such projects have trained over five thousand people since 1950. The Pan-American Union also aids the countries of Latin America with its Direct Technical Assistance program which sends short-term advisory missions; in a year and a half some fifty such missions have aided the other members of the OAS on a wide variety of problems. The Union, of course, continues its long-term program of research, expert meetings, and publications to promote the economic, social, cultural, and juridical development of the American countries. There are also six specialized regional inter-American organizations which provide the machinery for cooperation in the fields of health, agriculture, statistics, women's rights, geographical and historical investigation, and the welfare of children.

One of the most important aspects of these OAS programs on technical cooperation is that each offers a forum and a field of endeavor in which technicians of all the American countries can come together to learn to know each other and cooperate with each other, forgetting their national differences in a common effort. Even more important are the invaluable results of the diffusion, by better trained technicians who go back to their home governments and into positions of responsibility, of the new information and improved capacities they have acquired.

The results of this mingling of people of many lands may not always appear in tangible immediate consequences. Nevertheless,

the patient, persistent work of a specialized organization, the Pan-American Health Organization, for example, during the sixty years of its existence has achieved a situation in which, given the cooperation of the individual governments and other international organizations, definite goals can be set for the complete eradication from the continent of malaria and yellow fever, and other scourges within a fixed period of time.

The combined efforts of experts in many fields and technicians eager to be trained, from all the countries, have been producing and will continue to produce both psychological and physical consequences of the greatest importance to the member States and all the peoples of the New World. In one of his customarily thoughtful commentaries on Pan-Americanism, and specifically the Technical Cooperation of the OAS, former Secretary General of the OAS, Alberto Lleras Camargo, now President of the Republic of Colombia and a recent visitor to the United States, once said, "The philosophical core of Western civilization is the belief that man and human society are susceptible of constant improvement, and that there are no conditions of injustice, pain, or poverty in the world that are irremediable merely because they are of long standing." This is, in fact, the basic assumption upon which the spirit of Pan-Americanism rests. It is a spirit which has proved its ability to achieve peace and independence among nations of the greatest differences in size, power, and strength and to give an important example to the rest of the world. It has made great progress toward reaching its goals and it is my firm belief that it will continue to do so.



The Bequest

CARL CALLOW

I resented the fact that they made me feel I had to come. It seemed a barbaric custom, this gathering of the clan to wait for the death of an ancient crone. And I didn't belong—I never had. I should have stayed away.

I'm afraid I was none too gracious to Aunt Emily, though she didn't appear to notice. The flight had been bumpy, my shirt was grubby, and my nerves were ragged, to say the least. But true to tradition, they squeezed me at the table with them the minute we got in the house.

I looked around. It seemed to me once that the world was peopled with Cains, and I was getting that feeling again. I could smell the familiar steamy smells—cauliflower, and pickled beets, and all the rest of the soggy tasteless mess. I pushed back my chair and let them think what they would.

I had plenty to think about. I couldn't see Grandma 'til morning—it seemed they wanted to make a ceremony of it, so that meant I had all night to dread the reunion. A typical Cain touch—I gritted my teeth and went upstairs.

Since the weather was mild, my room was fit to inhabit. I climbed into the old-fashioned bed and lit a cigarette. No ash tray, of course, but I remembered something. Yes, it was still there under the bed. It would please me immensely to grind the butt into the cold white china that had so often chilled my little white bottom all those years ago.

I was almost warm and drowsy when someone rapped on the door, then opened it without waiting. It was Aunt Emily, and she peeked around the wood and said, "Are you asleep?"

Of all stupid ways to intrude, this is the stupidest, and the commonest too, but I managed to grin and ask her in, and she sat on the foot of the bed.

"Henry dear, is there something wrong? You didn't eat a bite."

Aunt Emily was sort of my favorite once, and I felt an urge to be kind.

"I was airsick, Aunt. The smell of the food was too much for me, and I couldn't wait to explain."

She beamed in relief and I beamed back. Half had been the truth.

"I wish you could have come under happier circumstances, dear, but she did so want to see you."

That was a lie and I knew it. The old lady had always hated me.

When my father and mother died of the flu we were naturally sent to Grandma. She had long been a widow even then. I was only seven, and Mary was five, but the two years made all the difference in what we could accept.

The story books about dear old Grandmother's little white house had done their dirty work. I was in for a rude shock when old Ironsides in a cap and apron held me to her scratchy bosom and said, "My boy, my boy," before she shoved me up the skinny stairs.

Mary didn't know that Grandmas were supposed to be fat and jolly and live in cottages—she hugged the old girl right back, and all the females bustled around and said she was just like Mother.

Dying young made Mother a saint, and she might have been one for all I know—but it had the opposite effect on Dad. And I resembled him, it seemed. Black looks and black heart—a wild, restless Douglas. But he gave me something that never could come from the Cain menage—from him, thank God, I inherited brains.

The worst thing I could have had was the sense to see through a fraud. It enraged the old lady to know I knew she was being unfair—it made her sterner than ever. Aunt Emily wanted to help me then, but she'd lost her spirit years before.

Aunt Emily hadn't changed a bit. She smiled at me timidly—patted my knee.

"The next time you come, Henry dear, I can't help hoping you'll bring a bride. You really ought to be married by now."

The old maids are always the ones—except she wasn't old maid material at heart. It had just been forced on Aunt Emily. I grinned at her, but I shuddered inside—one more good woman would be the fatal straw.

"Wouldn't you like a cup of tea, dear?"

I didn't, but I said I did, and then unaccountably I *did* want a cup of tea. Green tea. In a certain thin cup she used to give me. I threw back the covers and climbed out of bed, and we went down to the kitchen.

This was the only room in the house that didn't look as if it ought to be laid on its side. It had once been a back porch, and its humble ceiling was warped and stained with the steam from many a kettle. It was the kind of room that ought to have a cat asleep on a rug, but Grandma hated cats.

Aunt Emily loved to cook, and I had the feeling she could have done better if she had been left to herself. But she was extravagant by nature, and that meant she had to be watched. There was never a need for a garbage can, when you called the leftovers succotash.

Right now she was humming a little tune while she watched the kettle boil. We didn't talk much while we drank the tea, but it felt good to be with her.

They always say a convert is more fervent than the original member, and this was certainly true of my uncles' wives. You wouldn't think there could be that many tall, angular women in the world. Like Grandma, they were more Cain than the Cains themselves.

In the morning they all lined up again, and I kissed a few I had missed before. Breakfast was fair, and I'd had a bath. I thought I was ready to face the day.

But I wasn't prepared for what I saw, and I hate being shaken up. I couldn't have known she'd look so fragile now, and it made me feel angry and cheated. She'd always put me in the wrong and she was still at it—taking advantage when she knew she could have the last word. You can't satisfactorily hate a white-haired old lady with clouded eyes and helpless hands that tremble.

I couldn't be sure she knew who I was—I wasn't sure myself. I said the right things and kissed her cheek, and then I escaped for a while.

I tried to go to work on my briefs, but I couldn't think, so after lunch I went outside. It was cool enough so I had to walk, and I kept going, right out across the fields. I was sweating again, and it felt like hell. My collar was damp and my arm-pits were

rank, and it wasn't due to exertion.

It had been like this for a year now, and I'd finally made a decision. It wasn't my heart, or my thyroid gland, but my brilliant, mixed-up mind. My doctor was blunt and I was sarcastic, but I felt relieved when we called the headshrinker in. Then this came up, and here I was, when I should have been in New York.

It wasn't just leaving the firm right now, when the Simon case was due. It was everything else—that way I felt—I couldn't wait to be cured. Funny how I longed for those couch appointments to start, the way you reach for the ether mask when they're going to patch you up. I had a lot of that in the war, but my physical pains were nothing like this. When you reach the point where you figure that every so-and-so in the world is personally out to get you, it's time to yell for help.

It was all her fault, from the very first. She petted Mary and baited me. I cried at first, and then I was sullen, and then I developed the time-worn defense of sneering and saying I didn't care.

But I did care, and I still do.

The leaky flume was still there, stretched across the draw. They never quite licked the willows that grew up around it, and this was the one part of the place that hadn't been trimmed and pruned and thoroughly tamed. I sat down on a mossy rock and let it all come back.

She did so many things to me—but the one that comes to haunt me the most was a well-calculated effort to humiliate me in front of my cousins and break my spirit once and for all. It didn't break it, I don't know why—but it sure as hell warped it, I do know that.

It started out in some trivial way; she thought I sassed her and maybe I did. But it was a long, hot Sunday, and I wasn't allowed out of my scratchy wool suit all day. I was to sit in the parlor and study the scriptures until I reached a more humble state of mind.

We had been up early as usual and had gone to Sunday School and Church, and it was already after noon when my sentence began. The room was stuffy and smelled faintly of dust and furniture oil. The Seth Thomas clock ticked monotonously louder and louder, and I felt as if I would smother, but I didn't dare

open the shrouded windows.

Once I began thinking about how hungry I was, it was all I could think about. I began to stare at the spot of color in the room, a bowl of fruit on the library table. Even though we had our own orchard, and more than we could use, Sunday was the only day that fruit ever appeared in here. But it was only in case a caller came, and none of the family touched it.

I touched it, of course, and consumed several peaches. And shortly after, Grandma appeared, and her back grew stiffer than ever when she saw the sullied bowl.

"Henry," she said quietly, going right to the point. "Did you eat some of this fruit?"

I looked her in the eye, and thoroughly conscious that my face and hands were plastered with peach fuzz and sticky juice I looked right back and heard myself say, "No."

She looked almost pleased when she heard my answer, but she stared 'til I wavered and then turned her back. She started out of the room, paused without turning, and told me that dinner was ready.

All through the usual Sunday dinner, served without fail in the heat of the day, I felt her eyes upon me; though when I dared to look, she was always serenely facing the other way. But I sensed a strange something I couldn't name, and I pushed my dessert away.

Monday morning Uncle Dud came over with a hayrack full of kids and traded them for Aunt Emily, who departed with an excited face and hug for me. My oldest cousin and I knew by now that this meant a new sister or brother for the visitors and that they would stay here for a while.

Uncle Dud came back in his car late that afternoon, and this time he took Grandma. It was the first time any of my cousins had been at our house when she was away.

The hired girl threw caution to the wind and let us have a bonfire and a picnic supper in the orchard. When Grandma came home we were all in bed and successfully pretending to be asleep.

The next morning at breakfast Grandma told us the new baby was a fine girl named Sarah Marie, and we all must thank God for bringing her into the world. She didn't look at me at all, and I had the uncomfortable feeling that I wasn't being addressed.

Then she did something she had never done before—she announced a surprise. There was a lot of squealing and giggling from the girls, and she smiled and waited for silence before she told us what it was. I felt all my distrustful instincts melt away and shouted myself hoarse with the rest of them. The next few days were the happiest ones of my life.

We were going to the circus on Saturday—none of us had ever seen one. Uncle Dud would take us but we had to earn money for peanuts and popcorn and lemonade. We picked berries and hoed the garden and helped in every way we could. And the rest of the time we turned barnyard animals into jungle beasts and the hayloft into a circus tent.

Saturday came. None of us could eat much breakfast, and we watched the road for Uncle Dud's hayrack and fussed and worried until we saw him coming. I felt my throat swell up tight and vowed eternal loyalty to Uncle Dud. He had never paid any attention to me, but he was inclined to be plump, like Aunt Emily, and he didn't seem like a Cain.

Grandma came out in the yard and unsmilingly reminded everyone to go "out back" and straightened ribbons and smoothed hair. When all was in order she handed out the money we'd earned.

One by one we held out our hands and each received a quarter. I thrust mine deep into my pocket and thanked God spontaneously for the first time in my life. Then the hayrack was there and we were all piling in and screaming and cheering and shouting goodbye. And at the last unbelievable moment I felt a trap-like band on my arm and felt myself being pulled to the ground.

There was a sudden hush as Uncle Dud turned around to see if we were all in. And the silence remained while Grandma still held me and pretended to be surprised.

"Why you can't go, Henry," she said. "Liars don't go to the circus. Especially liars who lie on the Sabbath. Surely you didn't expect to go."

Her voice was as soft as her fingers were hard, but it pierced my heart the way lightning can go through your eyelids. For a brief moment I saw Uncle Dud's face look like Aunt Emily's,

worried but helpless. And I saw the cousins, their faces still, and Mary frightened, about to cry.

I don't remember anything else I thought, but I heard myself roaring as if it were a nightmare. And when I raised my head I saw the hayrack far in the distance and felt dirt in my mouth, and I knew I'd been crying there on the dusty road.

When I came to myself I was thirty-eight instead of eleven, and I wondered how many times I could stand to relive it.

By the time I got back to the house I managed to get my perspective back. We had just finished dinner when the aunt who was sitting with Grandma came running in. She looked alarmed and said Grandma had asked for me. Aunt Emily followed me into the hall and took me by the arm.

"I think she's going, Henry," she said. "And she asked for you all afternoon. She was sleeping when you came home, so I didn't say anything, but she acted very odd."

I put my arms around her and kissed the top of her head. She hugged me fiercely and whispered, "Bless you," and turned away wiping her eyes.

When I went in, Grandma was watching for me. I knew she knew who I was this time. I sat down beside her and tried to speak, but before I could she stretched out her arm.

Just like a movie where one face dissolves and becomes another, she was turning into a Grandma I knew. I stared in horror and tried to move. I could hear it again—the noise from the hayrack, and I felt her hand like a vise on my arm. There was even that awful look of vindictive triumph.

I must have cried out, but the next thing I knew they were all in the room, and the face on the pillow was helpless and old. I felt the hand release my arm and watched it move to the faded eyes. It brushed away tears and she spoke to me—and then she quietly died.

Later on, after the funeral, I heard some of them regretting the fact that she died delirious. They had envisioned themselves all gathered around and receiving her blessing—a truly godly way to depart from this world.

They wondered why she said what she did. "Hurry up, Henry. Hurry, my boy. I think you can catch them if you run."

HECATE IN EXCELSIS

By LARRY RUBIN

A pigeon-toed witchcraft stalks the world—
Circe without her pajamas,
Unpedicured,
Ignorant of the law against eating swine's flesh—
Heathen baggage.

When Hellas purged her pure subversives,
Did Socrates invoke the Fifth Amendment
Or charm the angels in Milton's choir?
He did not.
He gulped the hemlock like cider
And went to heaven drunk.

(N. B.: Dido was a witch,
But she worked no spells for Socrates.)

Joan's a saint now because
She crossed herself on the fagots
And forgot to curse her enemies.
She and Socrates doubtless hold
Seminars in paradise
On virtue as practiced in wartime Orléans.

(Erratum: Read limbo for paradise:
Socrates had no cross.)

Jilted Dido took an overdose of Miltown,
And now she broods in Hades,
Refusing visitors.
But Circe knew the right people,
Even if they were pigs.

Blesséd St. Circe,
Be nice to Socrates—
He's stuck in limbo, you see,
Immaculately dialectic,
Belching hemlock.

Rugged Individualism Reconsidered

FRANCIS L. K. HSU

For some time our society has been engaged in a wave of self-examination. We are plagued by many problems for which there simply does not seem to be any easy solution: juvenile delinquency, racial tension, dishonesty in government and in business, but above all our apparent difficulties in competing with Russia in space exploration and in relations with the non-Western world. This self-examination has assumed urgent proportions since the collapse of the summit and the cancellation of Mr. Eisenhower's peace mission to Japan.

At the highest level it has been carried out by a Committee on National Goals appointed by Mr. Eisenhower and headed by Dr. Henry M. Wriston, President of Brown University. The results of this Committee's work can be gauged from a speech "Our Goal: Individualism or Security?" delivered by Dr. Wriston at Bowdoin College. I have not seen a more eloquent piece extolling the rugged individual. According to Dr. Wriston, the greatness of a country depends upon its leadership, and leadership cannot be stimulated and nurtured without rugged individualism. The popular importance attached to this speech is shown in the many excerpts or substances of it reprinted widely as featured articles in *Chicago Sun-Times* (June 5, 1960), *Wall Street Journal* (June 1, 1960), *Reader's Digest* (August, 1960), and elsewhere. The *Chicago Sun-Times* even endorsed Wriston's view in an editorial entitled "The American Way: Do It Yourself."

Wriston's views were soundly echoed by the former Lebanese Minister Charles Malik, who on June 11 delivered at Williamsburg, Virginia, another widely circulated speech commemorating the fifty-day prelude to Independence Day. Later Wriston's ideas were praised by most of the eight prominent men who contributed to *Life* magazine's series entitled "The National Purpose" (May 23 through the June 20 issues).

David Sarnoff's firebreathing piece asks us to intensify the cold

war and speak up louder for the doom of the Communist countries. Billy Graham's sermon calls for the conversion of all individuals to God as a prelude to improving the world. As to the others, except for Lippmann, who emphasizes the necessity "to use our growing wealth wisely for public ends," there seems to be nothing but a similar reaffirmation of the essence or expressions of rugged individualism.

In my view, between the internal and external problems confronting us today, the internal ones are perhaps more fundamental and crucial, for it is upon our ability to deal effectively with our internal problems that our ability to deal with our external problems depends. I am not suggesting that we should wait till we have completely solved our internal problems before tackling the external ones. Time alone makes that impossible. Rather, the internal and the external problems should be tackled simultaneously and with the same vigor. In my view, too, all of our major internal problems, from juvenile delinquency and corruption in government to racial and religious tension and prejudice, are traceable, directly or indirectly, to that much extolled virtue of our Founding Fathers, rugged individualism.

I fully realize that, in speaking of rugged individualism in this vein, I am liable to be regarded as blasphemous toward the sacred cow of America. But since I am a student of science, I take it to be my earnest duty to speak up as my scientific conscience leads me without fear and favor.

The most basic ingredient of rugged individualism is self-reliance. Most individuals in all societies around the world may be self-sufficient. That is to say, the individual is able to take care of his own physical and mental needs. But American rugged individualism means that one is not only self-sufficient as a matter of fact but he must strive toward it as a militant ideal. The individual should constantly tell himself and others that he controls his own destiny, and that he does not need help from others. He may have good or bad breaks, but "smile and the world smiles with you, cry and and you cry alone."

A brief comparison will make the point clear. A man in traditional China with no rugged individualism as an ideal may not have been successful in his life. But suppose in his old age his sons

are able to provide for him generously. Such a person not only will be happy and content about it, but is also likely to beat the drums before all and sundry to let the world know that he has good children who are supporting him in a style to which he has never been accustomed. On the other hand, an American parent who has not been successful in life may too derive benefit from the prosperity of his children, but he certainly will not want his friends and the rest of the world to know about it. In fact he will resent any reference to it. At the first opportunity when it is possible for him to become independent of his children, he will do so.

Therefore, even though we may find many individuals in all societies who are in fact self-sufficient and even though we may find individuals in America who are in fact dependent upon others, the important fact is that where rugged individualism is not an ideal, self-sufficiency or self-reliance is neither promoted nor a matter of pride. But where rugged individualism is an ideal, self-sufficiency and self-reliance are both promoted and are a matter of pride. In our society an individual who is not self-reliant is called a misfit. In fact a dependent character is thought to be in need of psychiatric help.

The rugged individual's self-reliance has two attributes. The first is fierce competitiveness. The rugged individual must advance or regress according to his own efforts and luck. When one individual advances, it necessarily means that others are regressing by comparison even though they have not slipped at all in absolute terms.

The other attribute is the high premium on aggressive creativity. Creativity has become such a popular word in the United States that when one wants to praise someone's work to the extreme, all one has to say is that the work is creative. For since each individual has to compete perpetually to defend his rugged individualism, he must forever find new ways of getting ahead of his fellow competitors. In fact he has to be creative to keep his place at all.

The consequences or correlates of self-reliance, with its twin attributes of competition and creativity, are many. The first concerns sex morality. I am not speaking of sex morality in any absolute and universal sense, because sex morality, like other

kinds of morality, is relative among different peoples. What is considered to be moral in one society is often considered to be immoral in another and vice versa. I am speaking of it from the point of view of American social organization and ideal. According to American custom pre-marital intercourse, extra-marital intimacy between the sexes, mistress-keeping, prostitution, and the sale and viewing of pornography are all immoral. Yet, although these are considered forms of immorality in American society, they have been on the increase and will be more so as time goes on as a consequence of individual self-reliance and competition.

For example, the Postmaster General disclosed last year, "Mail order pornography and obscenity is a \$500 million a year business that is growing in volume." The Postmaster General went on to say, "Defiant barons of obscenity . . . unquestionably are contributing to the alarming increase in juvenile delinquency and ruthless mail order merchants in filth are violating the homes of the nation in defiance of the national government." Of particular interest here are the reasons which the Postmaster General gave for this increase in smut sale. "First," he says, "the tremendous profits realized from a relatively small capital investment; second, the very broad definition of obscenity handed down by certain courts, including those in certain metropolitan areas notably Los Angeles and New York, where most of the mail order business in obscenity and pornography originates." (*Chicago Sun-Times*, April 25, 1959)

In my view only one of these reasons has any relevance, but its relevance is not what the Postmaster General thinks. It is perfectly true that smut sales can result in tremendous profits from a relatively small capital investment. But if a society enjoins the individual to compete by creative efforts for success on individual terms, what would be more natural for the individual than to try to gain tremendous profits from small capital investments? Isn't it true that the best American success stories have always included many in which small investments led to enormous profits? American business has always talked about giving the customer what he wants. And if consumer research services indicate a greater demand for sex-linked or sex-suggestive products, why is it not good business to provide more sex?

Smut sales are, however, only one kind of profit-making device through the use of sex. One Chicago paper, in its exposé against smut sales, quotes a minister, the Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Churchman's Commission for Decent Publications, as observing that the tide of smut is "directly responsible for an alarming breakdown of moral fiber in this country." The minister said that he personally studied the content of some of the magazines on sale in Washington which "if read by any youth would give him a fairly accurate blueprint of the following: How to seduce a virgin; how to rape a girl; how to take advantage of the absence of a husband or wife in order to have illicit sex relations; how to prime a girl with liquor to make her receptive to sexual relations; how to use torture to heighten sex feelings, and so on." (*Chicago Sun Times*, August 12, 1959) But is it really necessary for youths to buy the smut the minister personally examined in order to learn these tricks? No, for they are daily exposed to hundreds of paper-back novels at every newsstand with half-nude men and women in suggestive poses on the covers and such titles as "No Bed of her Own." They also see hundreds of movies, the most blatant of which, "Gigi," even won many Academy Awards.

Think of the plot of "Gigi." Here a young adolescent girl is being groomed to serve as some wealthy man's mistress for a few months in exchange for maids, carriage, clothes, and houses. It was only due to a last minute change of heart that the playboy keeper of mistresses decided to marry her and this was regarded as being such a windfall by the girl and all concerned that it became an extremely attractive American story. Gigi is the heroine, and the mistress-keeper millionaire playboy becomes the hero. From the beginning to the end there is nothing but sex, sometimes blatant, sometimes thinly veiled with old Maurice Chevalier cheering the characters on. I understand that "Gigi" has been the rage among teenage and pre-teen girls and boys in the schools. In fact, we can easily find numerous other films which are at best exhibitions of sexual brinkmanship.

Besides learning from the movies, young people can learn from the highly publicized private love lives of many of the movie stars themselves. Their often clandestine sex lives are so publicized

and so glamorized that they are often the very foundation for the sale and popularity of the stars' own movies. From the point of view of the movie stars and that of the producers these lives are simply means to motion picture greatness. If more display of sex seems to ring the cash register, why should they not reach for greater successes?

From this first correlate of self-reliance that concerns sex morality, we now go to another correlate, that of corruption or dishonesty. It is, of course, very difficult to obtain a precise statistical picture of the amount of corruption or dishonesty in any society. Furthermore, it is nothing new or unusual to find these in any large and complex society. What is unusual is that a country with the greatest expanding material prosperity in the world should experience so much criminal corruption and dishonesty. What is new is that while it has been taken for granted that crime is a consequence of poverty and misery, the late Dr. Edwin H. Sutherland's research on white-collar crime has proven this notion to be false.

What does Dr. Sutherland mean by white-collar crime? Here are some examples. Misrepresentation in financial statements of corporations, manipulation in stock exchanges, commercial bribery, bribery of public officials directly or indirectly in order to secure favorable contacts and legislation, misrepresentation in advertising and salesmanship, embezzlement and misapplication of funds, short weights and measures, misgrading of commodities, tax frauds, and misapplication of funds in receiverships and bankruptcies—all these are covered by what Al Capone would describe as "the legitimate rackets." (*American Sociological Review*, February, 1950, pp. 1-12. The substances of this article were later incorporated into Dr. Sutherland's book entitled *White Collar Crime*, N. Y., 1949.)

According to Dr. Sutherland's investigations, white-collar crimes cost the society far greater financial and moral losses than armed banditry and thievery. A man may be sentenced to ten years to life imprisonment for armed robbery of a few hundred to a few thousand dollars, but the culprit who embezzles \$100,000 belonging to a bank is often met with far less punishment, while the criminal who defrauds the government and the public out of millions in shady deals often gets off scot free. Dishonesty in

income tax declarations is so common that it is considered neither a shame nor a crime. Fixing traffic tickets by the police is of such common occurrence that some parents brag about their smart actions to friends in front of their children.

It is indeed puzzling why the wealthiest nation on earth should be plagued with such blatant dishonesty. This fact will remain puzzling unless we recall that the rugged individual's self-reliance is bound up with competition and creativity. We think of competition as being governed by rules and chivalry, not realizing that for every lucky one who made it there are bound to be thousands who failed to do so and that when failure means loss of self-respect, the competition is often a matter of dog-eat-dog. We think of creativity in terms of scientific advances and artistic achievements, not acknowledging that another meaning of creativity is deviation from the norm, the custom, and the moral rule. When the rugged individual is forced to a corner by severe competition and threatened with a loss of self-respect, can we blame him for not remaining honest and true to his principles?

Once this is understood we should perceive the fundamental differences between corruption in the U. S. and that, say, in India. In the Eastern countries corruption is mostly committed by people who are threatened by their inability to keep themselves and their families in groceries. In America corruption is not founded on poverty. It is more frequently committed by people who are well fed and well-clothed but who must find creative ways to expand and enlarge their operations in order to compete with others for greater success.

Opponents of this view may retort that those who resort to corruption for greater success have misused creativity and competition. My answer to such a retort is that when individual success is given the only honored place in life, there is not much room left for any workable criteria by which wholesome creative and competitive efforts can be distinguished from unwholesome ones. The Fuller brushman who bribes a housewife with a little brush in the hope of inducing her to purchase a lot of his wares and the big-time businessman who bribes a White House aide with mink coats or Persian rugs or FCC officials with fancy air trips and luxury yacht cruises, in the expectation that the government's

multi-million-dollar wheel of fortune may be so influenced as to stop at his number and disgorge a bit of its reward, are all after success in the same fashion.

Our former President Coolidge's famous saying "America's business is business" is by no means a forgotten sentiment, for there are many who insist today that even governments should run like a business. Business means creative efforts to exert influence on the customers and to find success in competition. And success in competition is measured by the size of the profit. Where is the psychological divider which will separate the businessman in government and his attitude toward it from the businessman outside of government and his attitude toward the general public? If he is accustomed to regard influence as his most precious asset in one situation, what is there to prevent him from desiring it and resorting to it in the other?

A third correlate of rugged individualism is conformity. This is in sharp contrast to the values of rugged individualism, and its presence is therefore highly paradoxical. In fact the observed trait of conformity is so much in contrast to rugged individualism that it prompted David Riesman to suggest that Americans are changing from their original "Inner-directed" personality orientation to an "Other-directed" orientation (*The Lonely Crowd*, New Haven, 1952). I think Riesman is wrong here. For there is a direct connection between rugged individualism and conformity.

We noted previously that the basic ingredient of rugged individualism is militant self-reliance. But it is obvious that no individual can be completely self-reliant. In fact, the very foundation of the human way of life is man's dependence upon his fellow-men without which we shall have no law, no custom, no art, no science, and not even language. If an individual wishes to lead a human existence in this society or any other, he is bound to be dependent upon his fellow human beings intellectually and technologically as well as socially and emotionally. An individual may have differing needs from his fellow human being, but no one can truly say that he needs no one. It becomes clear then that the basic American value of self-reliance, by its denial of the importance of other human beings in one's life, creates contradic-

tions and therefore serious problems, the most ubiquitous of which is insecurity.

This insecurity presents itself to the individual American in a variety of ways. Its most important feature is the lack of permanency both in one's ascribed relationships (such as those of the family into which one is born) and in one's achieved relationships (such as marital relationship for a woman and business partnership for a man). Its most insistent demand on the individual is to motivate him in a perpetual attempt not only to compete with his fellow human beings but also to belong to status-giving groups and, as a means of achieving these ends, to conform to the customs and fads of the peer group which are vital to his climbing and/or status position at any given time and place.

In other words, in order to live up to their ideal of militant self-reliance, Americans must often do exactly its opposite. Expressed in the jargon of science, there is a direct relationship between rugged individualism and conformity. That is to say, other things being equal, the stronger the emphasis on rugged individualism, the greater the individual tendency toward conformity. We noted the many public media, such as movies and literature, which influence the conduct of our young people today. But there are even stronger forces at work. In a summary report on the "Cornell Study of Student Values," which covers a total of 2,760 undergraduate men and women attending Cornell and 4,585 undergraduate men and women attending ten universities (U.C.L.A., Dartmouth, Fisk, Harvard, Michigan, North Carolina, Texas, Wayne, Wesleyan, and Yale), Edward S. Suchman concludes, "Much of the student's development during four years in college does *not* take place in the classroom. The conformity, contentment, and self-centered confidence of the present day American students are not academic values inculcated by the faculty, but rather the result of a highly organized and efficiently functioning extracurricular social system." ("The Values of American Students," in *Long Range Planning for Education*, published by American Council on Education, Washington, D. C., 1958, pp. 119-120)

How does this "social system" bear on the sex mores of our students via self-reliance? Suchman gives no indication of this

in his report. But on every college campus with which I have had any dealings and about which I have any information, sex figures as a major game in the sorority-fraternity controlled social life. Everywhere there is a highly conscious but unheralded popularity contest going on among the girls. The popular girls do not simply date boys. They want to date those boys who are most wanted by other girls. To get a chance to do so they must first belong to the right campus groups. But even after this, the girls simply have to make more and more concessions in order to keep such boys interested. And the most popular girls in these campus jungles are not those who live up to the American moral orientation but those who can keep members of the opposite sex interested. There is no question in my mind that, on today's campuses, girls are by far the more aggressive of the two sexes, even though occasionally they still vaguely recall the fact that their intentions should be thinly veiled by coyness. Given rugged individualism, the development of a new strain of aggressive female is inevitable. Forced to compete for higher statuses among peers, the girls have no alternative but to compete on terms agreeable to the peer group at any given moment of time.

This leads us to the fourth correlate of rugged individualism, which is racial and religious prejudice. It has been a puzzling contradiction to many of us as to why a culture which extolls Christian love, freedom, equality, and democracy should also be plagued by so much racism and religious bigotry. This contradiction is easily resolved in the light of the connection between rugged individualism and the tendency toward conformity. The rugged individual, who must defend his self-reliance at all cost, unlike one who is taught to respect authority and external barriers, has no permanent place in his society. While he is always anxious to look above for opportunities to climb higher, he is constantly threatened by the upward encroachments from below. His must be a continuous effort at status seeking and maintaining. Since this process is like rowing a boat upstream, in which one has to keep rowing in order to stand still, the rugged individual is forced to conform to the custom of either the group to which he aspires to belong or the group of which he is already a member. Associating with members of a lower status group is a sure way of

reducing one's own status. Conformity and the fear of losing status, rather than the alleged wickedness of the bigots, are thus the true backbone of the racial and religious prejudice in this society. The bigots may employ intolerance as a means to their own ends, but such individuals will achieve no success if intolerance has no psychological root among the general public which they try to inflame.

The fifth correlate of rugged individualism is the tendency toward unrealism in interpersonal relations and, by extension of the same psychology, to international relations. The rugged individual is bound to be self-centered. He is taught to shape the world in his image. He sets out to advance himself by overcoming all obstacles. He is prepared to gain his ends by submitting to conformity if necessary, but with reference to those deemed inferior to him, he demands conformity to his wishes. He may wish to take good care of his inferiors, help them and educate them, and he may often go to great trouble and expense in reforming them so long as they acknowledge their inferiority and do his bidding. The most intolerable situation to him is when those deemed inferior to him demand equality with him, or even worse, act superior to him. Since the ultimate aim of the rugged individual is superiority over all, he can neither accept defeat nor change in his position of superiority. He will refuse to admit that change. He will withdraw from active contacts. If necessary, he will certainly resort to violence to uphold his superiority. And he tends to build up reasons satisfying to himself as to why he is acting the way he does, regardless of whether his reasons are convincing or not to others. In interpersonal relations within the society among his fellow whites, the rugged individual may acknowledge temporary inferiority as a matter of expediency, but in international relations the rugged individual cannot tolerate anything but his and his society's absolute superiority over all.

A small item of fact will perhaps make this point clear. Before World War II, I had often been asked by persons brought up in England and especially in America why they did not find Japanese (especially men) so congenial as the Chinese. The most vehement would simply say they hated the Japanese and loved the Chinese. I think part of this reaction is undoubtedly due to

some differences between the national character of the Chinese and that of the Japanese, which we cannot enter into here, but part was undoubtedly due to the fact that Chinese as a people were then not competing with the West, indeed were not competent to do so, because China was politically chaotic, economically hopeless, and militarily prostrate, while the Japanese as a people presented severe challenges to American and European superiority in every way conceivable. This is why, as Harold R. Isaacs has shown in his able book *Scratches on Our Minds: American Images of China and India* (New York, 1958, pp. 190-198), the American reaction to the new Chinese regime is so violent. Americans literally felt that they owned China, or protected her, or nurtured her, and now the ingrate is biting the hand that fed her.

Given the need of the rugged individual to be self-centered and to be superior, it becomes also psychological necessity for him to react to unpleasant developments and contrary facts which challenge his superiority by dream-like unrealism. This is one time when the rugged individual will fall back on the greatness of his past as justification for his unrealistic conduct of the present. For a United States of America occupying the kind of secondary world position envisaged by Henry Steele Commager, in which she will no longer be able to dictate terms to all, is most unacceptable to the rugged individual. Unrealism is but his mental device for self-protection.

The last correlate of rugged individualism we shall discuss leads to another paradox. This is organization. Of the pernicious effects of organization on man, I cannot name a better expositor than William H. Whyte, with the bulk of whose book *The Organization Man* I thoroughly concur. But after having correctly analyzed the effects of the organization, Whyte concluded his stimulating book with nothing better than the suggestion that the individual fight the organization. How can the individual fight the organization without more organization? But of far more fundamental importance is Whyte's fallacy, a fallacy which he shares with many others, that organization and rugged individualism are diametrically opposed to each other. This is why he advised the individual to fight organization, for Whyte wants him to look to rugged individualism as the final guiding principle for all action.

There are obvious reasons why this supposed opposition between organization and rugged individualism is fallacious. Life in the human style is impossible without some organization. Rousseau's famous dictum that man is born free, but is everywhere in chains, is as unsound as the idea that the earth is flat. If we are truly free we will be like wild animals. Organization involves definite lines of demarcation of peoples and actions, most of which are necessary though arbitrary. We can find men and women living with each other out of wedlock who fulfill all requirements of marriage, but the society needs a clear distinction between those who are married and those who are not. We can find aliens who are more patriotic than citizens but the laws have to make precise distinctions between those who are citizens and those who are not. One is classified as legitimate or illegitimate, employed or unemployed, male or female, major or minor, and in a thousand other ways. These classifications may be arbitrary, but they are indispensable in any society.

However, over and above the minimum level of organization necessary for human existence, the amount of organization is in direct ratio to the complexity of the society and, within complex societies, in direct ratio to the emphasis upon rugged individualism. The first part of this formula is self-evident and needs no elaboration. The second part of it will become clear if we review our analysis of rugged individualism and its consequences.

Take our problem of literary obscenity, smut sales, and sexuality in show business. More severe competition will simply force the merchants, producers, and artists into more creative means of getting more trade. We are imperceptibly forced into more organizational means to censor, regulate, catch, and punish the culprits who have gone too far. The situation is exactly the same with reference to corruption and dishonesty. Given the conditions of severe competition, a majority of human beings and all corporations will be forced into more creative means in reaching greater success. Students in schools and colleges will seek new ways to get around regulations. Potential embezzlers and confidence men will seek new ways of defrauding the company or the public. Syndicates and corporations will hire experts to seek loopholes in the law and find new avenues of influencing public officials. The net

result is that the government is forced to tighten and widen its organization to protect public interest and national welfare.

The most unusual development, yet most understandable in the light of our analysis, is that in religion. Our churches have taken on every characteristic of big business. This big business psychology has gone so far that we seem to forget that religion is a personal matter, a private relationship between the individual and his Maker. On the contrary, we seem to think that outside the organized church there is no salvation and only those who are members of some organized parish possess direct links with God. How far this big business mentality and organizational activities have permeated the church is indicated by a *Christian Century Magazine* survey of 1951 (based on the results of polling 100,000 ministers all over the country) to determine the "outstanding" and most "successful" churches in the United States. The results showed twelve to be deserving of such merit and praise.

One of these was the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood. A report on this most "successful" church in the *Reader's Digest* (February, 1952) describes the size of its membership, organization, budget, and physical plant; the numbers of its clubs, choirs, basketball teams; its radio and TV programs; cordons of prayer, push-button-like card files, and kitchen facilities, but little about the quality of the minister's teachings. The reporter concluded his article by saying, "When I asked Dr. Evans to explain the huge success of his church, he answered, 'I honestly don't know. Sometimes the spirit of God decides to do something somewhere, and does it. Perhaps that is happening here. Or it may be our use of prayer. . . .'" In other words, the "success" of this church seems to consist of the social and material endeavors of the parishioners that rebound to their benefit alone and a whirl of competitive activity which is inferentially equated with depth of spiritual faith.

As to the future, the reactions from different quarters may be somewhat instructive. In a previous publication (*Americans and Chinese: Two Ways of Life*, N. Y., 1953) I quoted the national magazine's report on the most successful church and made substantially the same observations that I have made here. Lay scholars have so far raised no objections to observations I have

made on this subject. But professional religionists, the few that have bothered to look at my book, apparently thought otherwise. One priest said I overworked my self-reliance just as Freud overworked his sex. One missionary characterized my views as biased. One theological professor accused me of basing my whole discussion on Christianity on only one newspaper report. So far none of these critics pointed to specific facts to indicate how I was wrong or biased. Furthermore, when I quoted some of these facts in a personal discussion to one of the best known ministers heading one of the largest churches in the Chicago area, he expressed amazement and indignation, not at the facts, but at my pointing them out to him.

My intention here is not to criticize the church or even the ministers as such even though my remarks will inevitably be construed by some readers in that light. I merely wish to point out that when rugged individualism with its twin expressions of competition and creativity has so undermined the true foundation of religion, the churches and religionists have no alternative but to resort to organizations to keep people interested. Hence, organization is equated with church and the characteristics of the organization man come very close, however much it is denied, to those of the big churchman.

For purposes of this presentation, I have made no value judgments. I am certainly not against rugged individualism as such. My task is to point out the possible links between the much extolled rugged individualism and many facts which have never been so linked. Nor does it mean that because of rugged individualism a majority of the American people are active parties to the consequences just outlined. Even if all laws are thrown overboard, a majority of us will remain law-abiding citizens. But in such an eventuality the unlawful activities will increase and will make life less and less tenable for the law-abiding majority. The same is true of the effects of rugged individualism. A majority of the citizens of our society will remain decent, honest, and relatively independent in spite of cut-throat competition. But the blind promotion of rugged individualism with no reference to the social context in which it must operate will increase the pressure toward corruption, moral laxness, conformity, etc., so that

our society will tend to be headed in the opposite direction from that which it plans to take.

Furthermore, besides the consequences enumerated so far, there are other correlates with which rugged individualism has always been firmly linked in the minds of scholars and the general public. I have not dwelt upon the latter kind of facts because rugged individualism has been glamorized so often and so much that our understanding of its true implications has become dangerously lopsided. But to round out this presentation let us note some of these other correlates of rugged individualism, such as idealism, science and technology, and organization. What has given the Western man his superiority over the rest of the world during the last three hundred years is not his religion or his romantic love but his ideologies, his science and technology, and his organization. It was his self-reliant ideology which led him to discard the shackles of paternal authority, monarchical power, and medieval magic in favor of wider organizations such as national states and universalist churches, mercantile fleets and industrial empires, totalitarianism and democracy. When the West met the East, it was the Western man's scientific technology and well-organized armed might which crushed the East. As late as 1949 in a *Harper's* magazine article, one high ranking U. S. official attributed civil war-torn China's plight to the fact that the Chinese were "organizationally corrupt." For over a century many Eastern societies pondered on the reasons why science and industrial revolution developed in the West and not the East.

It is instructive to note that today, the two giants of the West, U. S. A. and U.S.S.R., are still most attractive to the rest of the world for their skill in scientific technology and in organization. In various parts of the world experts of the two Western giants are helping peoples of other nations to organize their educational systems, or their marketing arrangements, or their agricultural practices, or their industrial efforts, or their military capabilities, or their national finances, etc. Ideology, science and technology, and organization are three of the outstanding contributions of the Western man to the rest of the world. Unfortunately, psychological sources of these contributions are also the Western man's

basic difficulty with himself and with his fellowmen, whatever their race or creed.

It may be asked, why can't we devote our energies to propagate only the desired results of rugged individualism and eliminate the undesired consequences of it? If rugged individualism worked the magic which catapulted the Westerners to their prominence in today's world, why can't it do the same in the world of tomorrow? The answer must be sought in an elementary anthropological discovery: that human beings, their ideologies, technologies and organizational methods operate in social and cultural contexts which determine not only their meanings but also their results. English individualism up to recent times was a limited thing. The demands for equality and freedom were primarily centered in the political sphere but far less in the economic and especially social spheres. Royalty, aristocracy, class, church tradition, and the local community served as brakes or ceilings against runaway individualism. Besides, the colonies absorbed the lives and energies of not a few would-be deviants. In other words, it was a qualified individualism and not rugged individualism.

Eighteenth and nineteenth century American individualism was indeed more rugged. The scope of equality and freedom was greatly widened from the political into the economic and social aspects of life. But although the aristocracy and publicly acknowledged class hierarchy were abolished, the church, the old world traditions, and especially the solidarity of the small local community remained as effective checks on irresponsible and wanton exercise of that rugged individualism. A person who had embezzled money from the local bank and served a prison term for it could never return to his community and re-establish himself.

The sociologist George Homan's analysis of a New England town in *The Human Group* (N. Y., 1954) shows exactly how greater mobility, spreading industrialism, and impersonalization of human relations led to disappearance of these forces of social control and how such a change led to the general lowering of ethical standards in the conduct of local affairs. What we have left not only in New England but elsewhere is rugged individualism without an effective social frame of reference which, if encouraged, as Dr. Henry Wriston and other thinkers would have

us do, will only aggravate and compound our difficulties rather than reduce them.

Rugged individualism is a great ideal, but the conditions of life in which this ideal has served its ends effectively have changed. No ideal can operate without a social context. Honesty is certainly a fine ideal. But even honesty is not always the best policy, especially in diplomacy and especially for nations which are forced by circumstances mutually to spy on each other. What we must realize is that we need a new social framework into which our ideal of rugged individualism can be put to work. This new social framework is to be found in Walter Lippman's suggestion (in the *Life* series referred to above) that we "use our growing wealth wisely for public ends," in John Kenneth Galbraith's emphasis that we need heavier investments in the "public sector" for such things as more school rooms instead of more tail-fins (*Affluent Society*, Boston, 1958), and in Henry Steele Commager's observation made last summer at the University of Colorado that we must rearrange our thinking so as to help improve a world society in which there are not one or two but six or possibly more centers of power.

However, such a new social framework cannot be achieved by appealing to "altruism" or other noble ideals of the rugged individual. This individual must be shown that it is in his own interest or the interest of his children and his children's children for him to support this new social framework for future peace. To achieve this end we need much more stupendous research in the behavioral sciences. The world, thanks to Western natural sciences, has gradually emerged from the pre-modern notion of the magical nature of the physical universe. Man used to pray or recite incantations for rain where he now builds huge dams. Man used to engage priests and witchdoctors to cure illnesses where he now makes use of the X-ray and penicillin and speaks of Virus X's.

But man continues to react magically about human behavior and human relations. He considers it utter foolishness to build a skyscraper on sand but he still insists on building empires or alliances by forcing unwilling peoples to do his bidding. He would not think of cheating the aircraft or rockets he constructs by slipping in inferior chrome, but he often tries to pull the wool

over the eyes of other humans by short-changing them, by misleading advertisements, or by propaganda efforts on an international scale.

Above all he is still addicted to the magic of words in human affairs. Two lovers under the moonlight can say a lot of magical words. But these words will retain their magic only if there is substance in their relationship as lovers. No amount of words can substitute for the magic of true love. Not recognizing this basic principle governing human behavior, man still thinks he can change a saucepan into a spade because he calls it a spade, a dictatorship into democracy by calling it democracy, or a lot of irreligious frivolities into religion by calling it worship of God.

It is necessary for us to realize and recognize that in human affairs no less than in the physical world everything has a price and we cannot get anything for nothing. The price may be money, energy, heartache, misery, revolution, war, or outright death; and it may be paid by ourselves or the future generations to come but it cannot be evaded forever. In family affairs men and women who show no respect and consideration for their own parents cannot later expect their own children to treat them with respect and consideration. In international affairs countries which have ruthlessly oppressed or enforced their superiority over other countries can hardly expect mercy or love from their former inferiors once the shoe is on the other foot. In a genuine sense the United States of America, as the most illustrious descendant of Europe, is paying and will be paying through the nose, not in money only, for the generations of international misdeeds perpetrated by its ancestors.

The only way to get out of this vicious circle is to break it now by a concentrated effort in the behavioral sciences to devise ways and means of liberating man from his magical mode of thought about human behavior. In my humble opinion efforts along these lines are much more relevant to the problem of our survival than the building of bigger atom bombs and the launching of more successful rockets to reach the moon. I do not mean that we can find one solution to end all problems. There is neither an easy nor everlasting solution to the problems of life. To live is to have problems. However, if we realize that no one has a perma-

nent tenure in life, that neither oppression nor superiority is permanent, that all of us are mere transients in this world, that we come from we do not know where and we go to we do not really know where either; and if we realize that, in order to make our journey of life pleasant, it is necessary for us to make it pleasant for others, then perhaps there is some hope. I am a perpetual optimist, so much so that I often think I am a hopeless optimist. But as long as I live I shall hope. For to live is to hope.

THESE DAYS AND ALL MY DAYS

By ANN CASWELL

These days and all my days pass quietly
In their own time the same as wings
Trailing above the Liveoak tree.

At every quickening of sound
I look to see the sunlight span
With strain the Swift's thin wing as wind

From canyon wall deflects his flight.
Morning is passed like this and sometimes
Noon, timing the hour into night.

Shadow on marble, black into brown
Into white, feather on bone, Swift goes
Under the bridge, tapering up and then down

Into a whispering flight over water.
These days and then all of my days
Quietly quicken, and lighter
Than Swift on the wind become whisper.

The View From an Attic Window

HOWARD NEMEROV

I

Among high-branching, leafless boughs
Above the roof-peaks of the town,
Snowflakes unnumberably came down.

I watched out of the attic window
The laced sway of family trees,
Intricate genealogies

Whose strict, reserved gentility,
Trembling, impossible to bow,
Received the appalling fall of snow.

All during Sunday afternoon,
Not storming, but befittingly
Out of a still, grey, devout sky,

The snowflakes fell, until all shapes
Went under, and thickening, drunken lines
Cobwebbed the sleep of solemn pines.

Up in the attic, among many things
Inherited and out of style,
I cried, then fell asleep awhile,

Waking at night now, as the snow-
Flakes from darkness to darkness go
Past yellow lights in the street below.

II

I cried because life is hopeless and beautiful,
And like a child I cried myself to sleep
High in the head of the house, feeling the hull

Beneath me pitch and roll among the steep
Mountains and valleys of the many years
Which brought me to tears.

Down in the cellar, furnace and washing machine,
Fuse, pump and water heater, work their hearts
Out at my life, which narrowly runs between
Them and this cemetery of spare parts
For discontinued men, whose hats and canes
Are my rich remains.

And women, their paintings and their wedding gowns
Stacked in the corners, brooding in wooden trunks;
And children's rattles, trains, books, lions and clowns;
And headless hanging dresses, swayed like drunks
Whenever a living footstep shakes the floor;
I mention no more,

But what I thought today, that made me cry,
Is this, that we live in two kinds of thing:
The powerful trees thrusting into the sky,
Their black patience, are one, and that branching
Relation teaches how we endure and grow;
The other is the snow,

Falling in a white chaos from the sky,
As many as the sands of all the seas,
As all the men who died or who will die,
As stars in heaven, as leaves of all the trees;
As Abraham was promised of his seed;
Generations bleed,

Till I, high in the tower of my time
Among familiar ruins, began to cry
For accident, sickness, justice, war and crime,
Because all died, because I had to die.
The snow fell, the trees stood, the promise kept,
And a child I slept.

The Legacy of Freud in Art Criticism

BERTRAM MORRIS

If it is to become part of the folklore of a people, the substance of the arts requires an added impetus. This impetus can come only from intelligent and inspired criticism. By its own kind of eloquence criticism serves to transform art into the folklore of a society. It takes the idioms of art and gives them in the transformed context a currency in the common language. In short, it helps create a common mentality which *appreciates* and thus sustains art.

Criticism can of course be good or bad, relevant or irrelevant, and can for better or for worse create fashions of thought about art. Like great artists, great critics' talents live only in the social world which gives them substance. Critics need, however, more than artists to be clear about the theories which guide them. Otherwise they get lost in the vagaries of their prepossessions and fail to establish a common ground on which the meaning of artworks and the responses of the people can meet. Some of these theories, such as Plato's and T. S. Eliot's, need the support of a spiritual world to provide a power which can conserve all true values. Other theories, which do not hold values to be eternal, are naturalistic and are grounded either in the social world or the psychological. I wish to single out the Freudian or psychoanalytic form of naturalism as one which has come to develop some distinctive principles of interpretative criticism. It deserves renewed recognition, I think, first because it has already succeeded in becoming part of our folklore and secondly because in its sophisticated form it holds promise to shed light, not just on cavernous psychological processes, but on the very character and function of art.

Having got beyond art for art's sake, we demand of a mature theory of criticism that it concern itself with the conditions of art's existence. Make-believe is virtually indispensable to any art, but the kind of make-believe which makes art important relates

it to the depths of the psyche. This it is which depth psychology attempts to explore. However sublime art is, we still want to know what the sublimative forces are. This characterization should not be regarded as a pun; rather it suggests the processes by which the arts—or at least some of their forms—come to have significance. It has been suggested that the good women of Verona were right in believing that Dante, because of his private life, should have descended into hell with an evil, blackened countenance. Whether right or wrong, their attitude engenders a point of view in which art as containing fantasy has depths of meaning which no intelligent appreciator will want to disregard. Otherwise he misses at the very least a dimension of art—and of life.

Long before Freud, intimations of this point of view were set forth. The old sophist, Gorgias, regarded art as a kind of deception, even though one to be enjoyed in a fantasy world. Greek tragedy was from its very beginnings a kind of make-believe. The figure of the goat's head, from which the term itself is derived, provides solid evidence of its make-believe character. Although the origins of tragedy are obscure, there seems little doubt that they were connected with the wild Dionysiac festivals and that something of the orgiastic outbursts are detectable even in the sophisticated creations that are called tragedy and to which men accord a kind of reality of its own. From beginnings such as these, Freudian theory can take its point of departure and connect art with deep-seated processes in the human psyche.

However enticing this theory may be, there is a danger of the layman's plunging into it. First, there is no orthodox interpretation of the theory. (Psychoanalysts and historians of the movement constantly repeat the old saw that Freud could never have been a Freudian.) And secondly, we are constantly reminded of the variety of sources of action which Freud and the psychoanalysts have invoked in their attempts to arrive at satisfactory interpretations of the enjoyment of the arts and of the kind of criticism that is appropriate to them. Certainly no dogmatic appeal to the libido or to some generalized sex urge will adequately characterize the theory. Sex, and the motivations it inspires, are surely indispensable to an understanding of art. Professional psychologists seem to insist, however, that the theory of the libido serves no

good purpose in understanding practice unless the theory is controlled by clinical tests. Some would say that the whole matter should be left to the professionals. But this won't do either, because we are addressing ourselves ultimately to questions which are philosophical, not clinical. We may as well enter boldly into the fray, even if the professionals disallow the interpretation.

If there is anything like bedrock doctrine in psychoanalytic theory, which is at the same time distinctive of it and virtually new in the history of ideas, that doctrine seems unmistakably to be an interpretation of behavior which asserts the existence of unconscious motives, unacknowledged and unacknowledgeable. Frustration, although an element of the theory, is not distinctive of it, since man has no doubt recognized without the aid of psychoanalytic theory the existence of frustration from the dawn of human life.

The frustration in psychoanalytic theory is of a special sort. Nor is this sort adequately defined by relating it to love as the motive power, for doctrines as divergent as those of Empedocles, Plato, the Stoics, Christianity, and Buddhism have proposed ideas in which love is the dominant power. Surely the distinctive element can be nothing other than an attempt to explain certain forms of human responses (or lack of them) as determined by forces over which the individual has no control because he cannot consciously recognize them. By virtue of this disability he is powerless to act boldly, intelligently—and, in common terms, normally.

The kind of conflict which prohibits free flowing action is not just that of incompatible ends. Everyone suffers from this kind of disability, and most persons come to terms with it in one of a variety of possible ways. The disability to which psychoanalysts point is much more serious, for by being located in the unconscious, it leads to a range of "abnormal" behavior extending from the mildly neurotic to the bizarrely psychotic. Such actions are not just stupid. In fact they curiously mark a way of a person for coping with his subjective problems, even though he does not cope very well with his environment. Psychiatrists have adopted a disjuncture between the social and the nonsocial as the very basis for regarding a person's behavior as normal or abnor-

mal, however imprecise the distinction may be in borderline cases.¹ Taking as our standard, then, the need for depth analysis as the distinguishing characteristic of psychoanalytic theory, our problem is at first sight twofold: How does depth analysis account for the birth of art and how, having accounted for this, does it provide a basis for a theory of art criticism? Interestingly enough, it may turn out that the questions are not really two but one.

The first question evolves into something immediately baffling—at least in Freudian terms. From the point of view of creation, we would expect that the subjective source of creation is at least a mild form of neurosis, which allows the artist to sublimate his conflict by giving expression to it in that realm of fancy called art production. Freud actually gives us some solace in the correctness of this interpretation when he writes:

The artist is originally a man who turns from reality because he cannot come to terms with the demand for renunciation of instinctual satisfaction as it is first made, and who then in fantasy-life allows full play to his erotic and ambitious wishes. But he finds a way of return from this world of fantasy back to reality; with his special gifts he molds his fantasies into a new kind of reality, and men concede them justification as valuable reflections of actual life.

Art would thus seem to be a kind of therapy through which the artist achieves a degree of normality, not just in the creation of art, but in the fact that it is accorded a place in society and *for this reason* satisfies the requirements of being accepted.

Two objections may be suggested as indictments of Freud's analysis. In the first place, there are those who vehemently reject the assertion that artists are all to some degree neurotic and that art is born of neuroses. Secondly, they insist that even in those cases in which an artist does suffer from neurosis, this, if it is relevant to criticism, shows up in the work of art, for it now appears at the level of consciousness and is not hidden in Stygian depths. Moreover, even if we do assume the prior existence of these hidden forces which plagued the creator in their unconscious workings, they should no longer plague him once they are expressed in a work of art, because he is now capable of recognizing them on the level of consciousness. Thus, the unconscious fails at the point where intelligent art analysis begins.

As concerns the first objection, it appears at least in principle that satisfied people do not create. The principle, however, is next to worthless, inasmuch as probably no person is satisfied. But is he dissatisfied because he wants money, or because he hates exploitation, or because he wants fame, or because he must solve some puzzle? Any of these may lead—and probably have led—to the production of art. But if so, no profound psychoanalytic theory is required to explain its origin. The dissatisfactions which the psychoanalyst seeks are deeper laid in the personality of the creator and do not involve such ordinary motives. At a very minimum, it appears, the spring to action must be irrepressible as well as not quite capable of being understood—certainly not in advance of creation. Finally, we may say, the psychoanalytic understanding of art demands a way of connecting art (the fantasy?) with the concealed impulses (the reality?) which gave rise to it. Whether this account of art production signifies that the producer suffers from neurosis is in part a matter of definition. That the artist creates fantasies is beyond question; whether or not these fantasies make his life difficult, even agonizing, is also not really questionable, for to write, to compose, to paint, is hard, often unbearable. But most important of all, the artist does not adopt standards of approved conduct, but on the contrary, his conduct comes to be approved by virtue of the quality of the fantasies he creates and to which society later attributes a respectability.

Whether or not the artist suffers neuroses, those who offer a "soft," un-Freudian interpretation of the process find the origins in play which, by being repeated, lose their painful characteristics. Or again, those who connect beauty with sexual attraction may be true to the letter of Freud, but they lose track of the distinctive contribution to aesthetic theory. Karl Groos, Schiller, and others, have called attention to the connection between play and art, and at least from the beginnings of Dionysiac art, man has been conscious of the connection between art and sex. But none of them pointed to the horrors of the repressed instincts which made for the tragedies of the infant's mind. "Before humour and other aids to mental digestion make their appearance," writes Ernest Jones, "these aspects [the jealousies, hatreds, and murderous impulses] of the infant's mind are entirely tragic, and all the tragedies

of poets are ultimately derived from them." This suggestion is something new in aesthetic theory, and, if correct, signifies the need for depth analysis through which alone we may come to a more complete understanding of art.

Mr. Jones's analysis of *Hamlet* may turn out to be persuasive because he makes a case for (1) the statement of "the problem of Hamlet"—his vacillation and incapacity to act, not adequately accounted for in the play, (2) the similarity of the personality traits of Hamlet and of Shakespeare, (3) a correlation of the dramatic and tragic elements in *Hamlet* with corresponding "facts" in Shakespeare's life, and finally (4) a plausible resolution of "the problem of Hamlet." According to this reading, *Hamlet* comes to be something different for the reader who has come under the spell of Freud from anything possible for one who has not. By virtue of this kind of analysis we begin to appreciate the "hard," not the "soft," interpretation found in Freudian criticism. The neurosis is not just Shakespeare's; it is also Hamlet's. Were it not, the interpretation would turn out to be not just useless, but a positive hindrance, for it could only engender further mysteries without providing any enlightenment that we could not get simply from a careful reading of the play itself. In this case we would be better off in adopting the theory of art for art's sake, better off in believing that "the play is the thing," without trying to catch any further conscience.

Despite these obvious objections to the Freudian theory, its value resides in its repudiation of art for its own sake and in its insistence upon the continuity of art with the life of man, involving as it does a kind of universality. The universality is not, as Middleton Murry has urged, to be achieved by the placing of a work of art in a class, "the finest of its kind." Since the ends are as multitudinous as the possibilities entertainable by the creative genius of man, they might better, at least from the Freudian point of view, be recognized as unique rather than universal, just because a work of art is a unique way of resolving a unique problem. What is universal is the driving force, which in truth unites the artist with the lover and the madman or—to assert the proposition with the complete generality of which it is capable—with all men. This is so because the drives are regarded as instinctual. The mad-

man and the lover resemble the artist in that they live in the world of imagination in a more intense degree than do the others. All are neurotic because all men are neurotic—unless perhaps they pass beyond neurosis to absolute madness. All men have fixations; no one achieves a state of maturity, however mature man, or even most of his actions, may be. But to say this is not to say that the artist is the lover or the madman. They share a kind of imagination that “cool reason” can never comprehend. But if the madman cannot contain his devils in vast hell and if the lover fixes on Helen’s beauty in whatever he sees, the artist nevertheless is free to move unhampered until he turns things into shapes and conquers his world by giving it a local habitation and a name. No more demons, no more frantic visions, his is a world within bonds, a world of names, which is once more ordered so that cool reason can again find its way about. The artist has transformed a chaotic world into one of nicest discriminations, and so has humanized it.

Shakespeare’s and Freud’s visions of the artist both still him in a gratification by giving the neuroses a local habitation and a name. Once they become the object of gratifying contemplation, their power is spent, and whether or not they are turned into things of beauty forever, they can never again dictate to man as they may have done. But the question remains of how the neurosis is stilled. May it not be just a dream from which the artist can awake only to be troubled again by the demon he thought he had destroyed but which rises again to plague him further? The most adequate answer lies not just in the artist’s gratification, important as that may be, but in the acceptance of his work in a culture that gives it a place in the lives of a people. The test of the bounding, the containment, the giving of a name to a thing, is whether it is called by that name—in short, whether it becomes part of the folklore of a people. And this it can become only as it answers some need for them—insofar as it gives them an image of themselves and helps to make them at home in a world of vicissitudes and uncertainties.

Implicitly this answers our second question: How does Freud provide a basis for a theory of criticism? Criticism is in Freudian terms an extension of creation. It looks for the hidden meanings

in art in order that gratification may be more complete. Gratification is possible only as art is seen to be part of the human enterprise—insofar as appreciation of it discloses the continuity between man and his creations. If art extends back into life, it does so because the artist is a bone-and-flesh being whose neuroses are in some degree everyone's neuroses and whose reflection on life in his art is a reflection which orients us anew to life. Neither his nor our neuroses are necessarily done with. But by virtue of those neuroses with which we have come to terms in art, we gain perspective and are better prepared to face new ones from the vantage point of greater maturity, and not just in innocence. In the words of a contemporary poet, ". . . to try / To backtrack to simplicity / Is fatal. Every Walden fails." Interpreting this in psychoanalytic theory, we may say that the conversion of neurosis into acceptable art forms is the humanizing of the mind through cumulative experience—that is, through a maturing mind. The more mature mind does not destroy evil, but it finds to that degree a more human way of coping with it. In its dramatic form, evil is coped with by coming to an understanding of the sources of its inevitability, even if it physically leads the hero to death or madness or blindness. Humanly, the classic poets display it as the tragic sense of life. Their wisdom may be regarded as a maturing of "the strong imagination" which "grows to something of great constancy."

On this view art is not just libidinous. Indeed, the better case is to be found in the continuity the Freudian observes between the libido and eros. The advantage of this interpretation over Plato's consists in the fact that while recognizing the hierarchy of forms of love, from instinctual animal attraction to nicely discriminated spiritual attachment, Freud is capable of indicating the lower in the higher without bowdlerizing it and without subtracting from it one iota of the imaginative content the artist has embodied in his work. Freud differs from Plato in recognizing that there is continuity between sickness and health, between the child and the man (or innocence and maturity), between the irrational and the rational, between fantasy and reason, between nature and human nature. In place of Plato's asceticism he looks for reason in nature, where the sublime is not projected into a realm separate from the processes of sublimation.

Freud has looked deeply into the processes of human nature and seems to have found levels of meaning in human life, which have escaped all but the poetic imagination—especially that of the tragic poet. His humanism does not deny rationality; on the contrary, it ferrets out the irrational in order that the rational may come to its just fulfillment, not dominated by sickness. The human soul is precisely that which is divisive, the most extreme form being psychosis. Health is a matter of uncovering the hidden aversions of man, examining their sources, and of seeking satisfactory outlets in harmony with men's reasonable aspirations. Some degree of complacency and gratification is a requisite to the good life. A person who cannot believe in himself cannot believe in others. Human intercourse evolves effectively and richly only as mutual respect is sustained by self-respect. Communication which does not originate in the depths of one's being is trivial, stilted, and unworthy of man. Freud has in his way reiterated the tenet of Socrates, "The unexamined life is not worth living."

May we not also say that an art which does not originate in the depths of one's being is not worth creating? If we say that the essence of art consists in perception of the merely sensuous aspects of a thing, then we fall into the error of aestheticism. It makes of art an ornament of life which is pleasant, or perhaps even alluring, but which is possibly not worth the bother of making. This appears to be an inevitable consequence of Freudian theory. Only that which contributes to the sense of wholeness possesses vitality.

The conclusion is at least as old as Greek culture, and it is no sheer coincidence that the key terms in Freudian psychology are borrowed from it. But with a difference. Freud's interpretation of man's agonies moves less on a cultural plane than it does on an individual one. His concern implicates more the intimacies of the inner spirit than the prevailing tribal customs, which some regard as giving support to and providing direction for the life of the spirit. The question is then whether there is not another dimension—a distinctly social dimension—which needs to be explored if one is to understand the wholeness of human life. We have already heard Freud speak of the artist as one who works back from the world of fantasy to reality. If also he speaks truly when he says, "Men concede them [i.e. works of art] a justification

as valuable reflections of actual life," this "actual life" itself deserves further analysis. But this analysis requires the introduction of new categories and leads on to a new phase of the subject of criticism.

CRY FOR A GONE WORLD

By PARM MAYER

There is less of recompense
when the moon is not
a lover's lamp anymore,
but igneous drip and confused dust
and frozen hills of suspense
and rox-pox galore.

Little-boy dreams are all shot.
And stars are not
fireworks flung across the sky,
but huge and flaming bursts
of polyglot
and hell on high.

My soup is familiar with cold
and sky is not
a bowl of warm and blue,
but a bigigloo of cold and dark
no mind can hold.
And death rays, too.

Phineas, spits out his lisp, says,
God is not
a white-robed father-king,
but a swirling cosmic force
with undetermined ways.
A non-directive thing.

I sort the baron's canons, suspect
I am not
a conjured soul in clay,
but pelecules of igmorix
from X-rff: that got wrecked
that far away.

Erline, feathers her nose, asks,
What is left
when everything is not?
Zigmond spells, Eons of endless O
with no anchored task
and one lost dot.

Pigskin and Poetry

CHARLES BOEWE

Poets and would-be poets were surely cheered by the dawn that David Riesman foresaw in *The Lonely Crowd*, when he said that as America moves away from a scarcity psychology toward an abundance psychology, the nation will need to develop more and more services expensive in terms of manpower but cheap in terms of capital. One of these, Riesman believed, would be poetry. Now that J. K. Galbraith has assured us, in *The Affluent Society*, that the new age is already here and that consumption rather than production is the proper aim of our new economic ethic, a poetic renaissance ought soon to be exploding around our ears.

But I would like to suggest that the art which most nearly fits his bill of particulars is football, not poetry. Both are arts which are talked about a good deal on our college campuses, and of the two at least one is sure to be practiced.

Because we commonly do not link athletics with the "higher arts"—though the Greeks would have found nothing odd in it—we fail to notice how basically similar these activities are. From a purely economic point of view, they are alike in that each brings into existence a "product" quite different from the more or less utilitarian products of industry, and one in each instance that attaches to itself transcendent values very much in excess of the literal usefulness of the product itself. We readily grant that a violin concerto is more than four strands of catgut scraped by a hank of rosined horsehair, and we might as well agree that a football game is more than a dispute by twenty-two young men over the possession of less than a cubic foot of compressed air.

Spectator sports do not exist merely for the meager recreational value they offer, however much sports promoters and athletic directors like to tout this as their chief function. We recognize how intimately they are bound up with the larger production-consumption cycle when we acknowledge that they are big business. And everyone—even the college dean in his unguarded

moments—admits that football, as it flourishes on most of our campuses, is a big business. Football coaches, I suspect, manage to associate on a footing of equality with business leaders not only because they get bigger salaries than professors but because they think and act more like businessmen than professors can. It may even be that with the decline of swashbuckling entrepreneurs, football coaches, their livelihood dependent on cunning, luck, and guts (not for them the stultifying ease of tenure), are in their way the last of the robber barons. And football, like some other kinds of business, must depend on constant ballyhoo to keep going. Most important of all, it surpasses all other commodities in its unique capacity of being wholly and completely consumed, over and over again.

With most commodities, a producer can do one of two things to increase his sales. He can expand his market by finding means to reach ever larger pools of potential customers, or he can decrease the durability of his goods (either by induced obsolescence or by maintaining a standard of barely acceptable shoddiness) and promote more rapid consumption by replacement, calling upon the persuasive powers of advertising to make the continued replacement vital to the peace of mind of the habitual consumers. Either way the market gets extended; and that, we know, is what counts.

A football game has perfect built-in obsolescence. Once the game is over, the commodity has been wholly consumed, and the addicted consumers are ready almost immediately to consume again. From the point of view of production, this makes it an ideal item of commerce—better even than liquor, cosmetics, or heroin.

Contrast the consumption-value of a poem. Actually, a poem can never be consumed. A poem read has as much value as one never read; or rather, it has more value, for the more often it is "consumed" the more we are likely to cherish it. Like other precious objects, a poem is a treasure laid up where rust will not corrupt, in a land where the moth is extinct. It reverses entropy; it is an absolutely permanent conservation of energy. The energy that makes a poem is force saved forever; the energy expended to make a football game is force dissipated throughout the universe.

In general, an article of commerce that requires a high expendi-

ture of energy in its production is one to which we attach high monetary value. And in general, an article that cannot be reused, or customarily is not reused, attains further value. Diamonds are a girl's best friend in our society because they are mined and cut by the expenditure of enormous quantities of energy in proportion to their size and weight and presumably are used only once in the lifetime of the girl. As Lord Keynes remarked somewhere, if there were not gold mines on earth, governments would be compelled to bury large sums of paper money in bottles so miners could blow off energy digging them up. An ideal product is one that comes into existence as the result of great effort and promptly drops from circulation without diminishing the public demand for more of the same; and an abundance psychology makes such a product seem all the nearer heart's desire. In this view, a football game is very nearly an ideal object upon which to spend money.

Aside from the very real aesthetic values offered by football—like the opportunity for vicarious danger, the spiritual exaltation of identification with a will greater than one's own, the sensuous pageantry of the game and its attendant solemnities, the tension of anguish and delight, the suspense of the unknown outcome—aside from these, but considered solely as an economic institution, a football game causes a maximum of energy to be expended without in any way tying it up in a reusable product. And it is not merely the brute energy dissipated on the gridiron that counts in the sport's impressive record. There is also the commendable flapping about of a complex apparatus of hangers-on—coaches, assistant coaches, assistants to assistant coaches, line coaches, back-field coaches, and freshman squad coaches; scouts, athletic directors, secretaries and speech writers, trainers, physicians, ground-keepers, ticket sellers and ticket takers, ushers, popcorn sellers, hot dog vendors, chrysanthemum sellers, and pennant sellers; radio broadcasters, newspaper reporters, television personnel, bandsmen, cheerleaders, majorettes, referees, umpires, linesmen, and scorekeepers. And college presidents, deans, faculty, students, and janitors—all hangers-on who burn up energy on an activity that, win or lose, will have to be repeated the following Saturday.

It begins to be clearer why, in a business culture, football receives the economic sanctions that mark it an art superior to

poetry. (Many a Big Ten quarterback has moved on to the professionals only by taking what was the equivalent of a cut in salary.) A further mark of its superiority—both as art and commodity—is its characteristic of being consumed by almost innumerable consumers all consuming simultaneously, like a Hydra eating hot dogs. In this it resembles the commodities purveyed by movie stars, TV entertainers, and other toilers whose incomes fall into the 90 percent bracket. Any skill or art possessing this quality can reward its practitioners with enormous stipends while charging the individual cash customer no more than a pittance. If a dentist, for instance, could fill a million teeth simultaneously, instead of having to tackle them one by one, he could get vastly rich on a profit of only a few cents per customer. But the serial nature of his work prohibits such aggrandizement, and so does the humble labor of the poet, who plods along putting one word after another.

When one makes a poem he is not even as well off as he would be if he painted a picture, and he is infinitely worse off than if he performed on a musical instrument, or sang, or danced, or lectured to ladies' clubs, or imitated bird calls, or produced any other performance in what may be called the "spectator arts." The artist who paints a picture or makes a statue does bring into existence an object which may someday acquire considerable pecuniary value, at least after the artist has decently retired to heaven. The artist who performs in any of the spectator arts has potentially as many cash customers available as the artist of the gridiron. He is penalized only by his relatively puny opportunity to expend energy, yet no more so in this than a hard-breathing movie or TV star. But the poor poet can produce neither artifact nor performance. He is the victim of his own availability.

Not even the copyright laws offer him much succor. Copyright merely secures for him, like any other writer, the privilege of controlling the reproduction of his manuscript. He may, of course, be able to wring a few dollars from his reluctant readers as a result of this monopoly; but once a reader possesses a printed copy of the poet's work he effectually owns the poem in fee simple. It is as though by buying a ticket to the stadium he could bring along

his wife, his children, his father and his mother, his aunts and uncles—all at no extra charge.

A poet can sometimes give readings, of course; and he may attract an audience willing to pay individually for the privilege of listening to him, the same as people will pay to witness other kinds of gaudy display. In such a posture he becomes nothing but an entertainer, like a horse that can count or a seal that can tootle "My Country 'Tis of Thee" on a set of horns. His audience will have assembled not to hear something new but in hope of renewing its acquaintance with something already familiar to it. At best it pays for the privilege of experiencing what Hindus call *darshan*, the spiritual impact of a great soul. And at worst, the poet-reader causes himself to compete with far more knowledgeable public entertainers who make the projection of personality their business.

To parallel the product of the poet with that of the painter offers some further insights into the economics of poetry. When the great American financiers like Frick, Vanderbilt, Morgan, and Mellon invested heavily in Old Masters, they were calmly confident of an expected rise in the market value of such paintings. This was a reasonable assumption, for the supply of Old Masters was by definition limited. Given a limited supply of one-time-only commodities and a reasonable expectation of a continued demand for them, it was likely that such investments would prove sound. Conversely, such an investor was uninterested in the product of a living painter, for with every new painting he painted, a living painter tended to inflate artistic currency. The ideal painter, from the investor's point of view, would be an artist safely dead and universally acclaimed, whose total output was a single masterpiece.

There are many reasons why the same class of investors did not plunge so heavily in manuscript poems. They did of course collect fine books, and a few of them did make notable collections of literary manuscripts and holograph letters—mostly of dead writers. A manuscript is nearly always unique; and fine printing and elegant bindings, especially when sufficiently old to insure a stabilized paucity of supply, offered rather attractive opportunities to tie up loose cash without utterly destroying it. It was likely that art objects, books, and manuscripts by the subtle alchemy of the

auction rooms could always be reconverted into bank notes if one wanted to. Yet the interesting thing is that the buyers of such objects had little intention of ever getting their money back from their investments. In making such purchases they seemed to be like a soft-currency government, embalming money in a private Fort Knox of their own.

Why should they do this? Obviously, their primary interest was not in purchasing stored energy. It may actually take more energy to make a bad picture than it does to make a good one, or more to write a bad poem than a good one. The energy that had been expended on the picture was quite irrelevant; had such investors wanted to buy energy, they might well have subsidized athletic contests of the stature of the Rose Bowl Game; or had they wanted to be conspicuously useful at the same time, they might have dug canals and bridged ravines. The characteristic that does link such purchases with sport, however, is that they were equally one-time-only acts of consumption; and to make sure that the commodity stayed out of the circulation of trade it had to be consigned eventually to a museum, where it would presumably remain in escrow forever. These art lovers were really hard-currency men all down the line. Laying down a deposit of Old Masters in a museum or of manuscripts in a library was like backing up paper money with a deposit of specie; it insured the soundness of the currency in circulation. It is probably no accident that the architecture of our museums and libraries is often indistinguishable from that of banks. The National Gallery of Art that Mellon founded might be thought of as the Federal Reserve of painting.

Yet, in the long run, investment in paintings, or even in poems, appeals only to those of sufficient means to be concerned with establishing lasting deposits of value. The average consumer, motivated by a psychology of abundance and taught that consuming for its own sake furthers the progress of his Affluent Society, lusts after commodities which have only immediate and transitory value. A great collector might buy manuscripts in the same cavalier manner that, if he were Keynes's God, he would fill veins in the earth with imperishable gold; and, similarly, he would be unconcerned about the energy involved in the creation of the commodity deposited. Not so the man whose living comes

from the exchange of the energy of his own body for commodities made by the depletion of others' energy. He values an article as it requires energy to make it and as, having been used, it cannot be used again.

A painting is made by expending energy no less than a poem, but the painting can be "used," in the sense of being owned and exhibited by its owner, only in a discrete fashion. Many may look at it simultaneously, but only one can *possess* it. A poem, on the other hand, belongs body and soul to anyone with the price of a copy of the cheapest edition.

So the poem does not dissipate energy, it conserves it; it does not localize pecuniary value in the hands of one or a few, it offers value to all. Monetarily, then, a poem is absolutely worthless. If we say we value it, if we do pay its author a niggardly sum for a copy, even if we should purchase his manuscript itself or a fancy edition of his book, or if we buy a ticket to hear him read his poems, we do these things from considerations other than the value of the poem—the writing of which alone justifies the poet's existence.

It would be hard—perhaps impossible—to find another worker who is so deprived of the legitimate reward of his sweat as is the poet in our Affluent Society. And it would be hard to find any other worker who, by the canons of the same society, so eminently deserves his wage as the football player. If the one sometimes discovers a few dollars coming his way, and if the other sometimes labors for the pure love of his sport, it means only that the currents of commerce do not always flow smoothly through the conductors we have prepared for them. These accidental short-circuits make life pleasantly unpredictable and occasionally even provide a semblance of cosmic justice.

When Shelley wrote his poem "With a Guitar, To Jane" he sent a copy of it to Jane Williams, along with a present of a guitar. I do not know whether Shelley ever made any money out of the poem or not, but I like to regard the fact that the identical guitar has been lovingly preserved in the Bodleian Library to this day. Such an act of piety suggests, at least, that Red Grange's sweat-stained jersey is not the only enigmatic shard held in trust for the archaeologists of the future.

The Not So Affluent Society

DAVID HAMILTON

The idea that we now have one big equalitarian society in which everyone lives in middle-class affluence has been gaining ground ever since the end of World War II. We are told that we have passed through a decade which is to take its place alongside the "roaring twenties" and the "depression decade" as the "fabulous fifties." We are promised even more splendors in the decade just beginning.

One might question the use of "fabulous" to describe the decade just concluded. The Korean War early in the decade, the era of McCarthy which encompassed at least half of the period, and the general possibility of world war which haunted us throughout this time should suggest some other adjective. Those who use "fabulous," however, have in mind other aspects of the period. It refers to an economy of abundance which was supposedly achieved during the fifties.

This idea has been put forth by the paid minions of the advertising world. But it has not been their exclusive possession, nor could its widening acceptance be attributed to their glibness. If anything, their sponsorship alone would have made it suspect in many quarters in which it now passes without question. Joseph Wood Krutch, who decries the efforts of the advertiser and marketeer in his *Human Nature and the Human Condition* claims we are now living in an economy of superfluity. Mr. Krutch regards this condition with alarm, but he does not question its existence. Earlier in the decade of the fifties David Riesman endorsed the notion as did Frederic Lewis Allen. J. K. Galbraith has given the economist's stamp of approval to the notion in his very popular *The Affluent Society*.

Just how we passed suddenly, within about two decades, from a society torn with dissention over poverty and unemployment to one about to be consumed by superfluity has never been made exactly clear. The rather vague explanations given seem to in-

volve the New Deal and World War II. In other words, out of adversity, depression, and war have come all good things. We could stop for a moment to examine this aspect of the thesis, for it seems to have Biblical overtones, but we are most interested in the details of the explanation, such as they are.

The New Deal is held to be a contributing factor through the establishment of welfare measures, primarily the social security provisions and the minimum wage. World War II contributed by greatly expanding our productive capacity and by helping create a rise in our income tax. Since all of these factors are unrelated as to origin, it is by coincidence that they are all related in contributing to our new-found opulence. It is argued that the great inequalities which previously existed have been narrowed by the higher progressive income tax which has reduced the rich, if not to the level of the poor, at least to within reasonable proximity. The gap has been further narrowed by financing welfare measures to the poor out of the progressive income tax on the rich. In short, the rich have been reduced to a level of living nearer that of the poor, while the poor have been raised to a level nearer that of the rich—all by virtue of the progressive income tax and social security.

The upholders of this view realize that such a state of affairs could only mean poverty for all without an increased national income. This is where World War II productivity gains enter the argument. Our productivity gains were so huge during World War II and in the decade thereafter that the welfare state has truly meant "sharing the wealth" rather than "sharing the poverty." It is contended that the whole country is in the process of being turned into one huge mass-suburbia with an affluent middle-class standard of living.

This thesis has had widespread acceptance. Acceptance has been so unquestioning and widespread that we can only assume that large segments of the population were already favorably inclined. We could expect that the business community would be overjoyed with the idea. It seems to indicate that the business system is one "whale of a success"—which is what businessmen have been shouting from Madison Avenue in larger and larger

choruses. But support for the thesis has come from other quarters quite innocent of any vested interest in the idea.

The equalitarian tradition, so strong in American habits of thought, predisposes large numbers of people to accept the affluent society doctrine. America, traditionally, has been the land of opportunity, the great melting pot in which the downtrodden from all over the world may find a place. Although this is the legend, the facts which contradict the doctrine have been apparent at least since Jacob Riis made us aware of "how the other half lives." This contradiction between the faith and the actuality has always troubled the American conscience. The troubled are only too eager to listen to the post-World War II soothsayers. In fact, the American conscience wants so much to believe, that it is satisfied with only little or no evidence and with little more than repeated assertions.

The growth of vast suburban areas also contributes to the acceptance of the belief. Around all of our cities we find vast tracts of middle-class suburban living. This is what the sociologist has recently begun to call the "decentralization movement." As late as the 1920's the American population was piling up in ever higher urban cliff-dwellings. But since World War II, there has been a marked movement of former middle-class apartment dwellers into the suburbs. These suburban areas, with each family occupying a plot, cover huge areas, even more at times than the parent city. To the casual observer it seems that the vast majority of the people are living in middle-class splendor. But the looks are deceiving. The population density of suburbia is very low compared to the old-fashioned urban living areas. Where a plot 60 x 120 feet in a suburban area meets the land needs of one family, in urban areas with multiple dwelling units of all types such a patch of ground may accommodate many times this one family.

But despite the widespread acceptance of the idea, just how valid is it? Wide acceptance is not sufficient evidence for the validity of any idea. Do we live in an age of opulence? Has poverty been banished once and for all so that we need not worry about it even in a depression?

Fortunately, there is statistical evidence that will shed some

light on these questions. We may take the data for 1959 because it is fairly complete and because it was a year during which we are said to have recovered from the depression of 1957-58.

According to the Department of Commerce *Current Population Reports*, "Consumer Income," issued in June, 1960, 5.1 percent of all families in 1959 had incomes below \$1,000 and 8.3 percent were over \$1,000 but below \$2,000. This means that 13.4 percent of all families, or approximately one in seven families, had incomes of less than \$2,000. An additional 9.2 percent of the families received incomes between \$2,000 and \$2,999. About 23 percent of American families, or close to one out of four, received incomes of less than \$3,000. Of course, it may be argued that these figures were before taxes. But such an argument in this case would be invalid. In fact, the income tax could do nothing but increase the number in these categories, for, although the payment of income taxes might not affect these families very greatly, it could do nothing to elevate any of them. Any tax, no matter how small, would further reduce income.

These figures may be countered by arguing that even \$3,000 would afford a fairly high standard of living. Fortunately, we do have some annual budget studies which indicate the kind of standard of living that various incomes will purchase. The Heller Committee of the University of California has been making budget surveys annually for the Bay Area for a good many years. The Committee has two standard of living budgets, one for a working class family of four and one for a professional and junior executive class family of the same size. For our purposes we may restrict ourselves to the budget for the working class family. We cannot go further into this subject as the budgets are too long and detailed for the short space of an article. But we can extract some of the information to indicate the level of living provided by the worker's budget.

To give some idea of the clothing standard provided, we can examine the clothing budget for the father. He is allowed one felt hat every four years, a topcoat every ten years, a suit once every three years, a pair of wool slacks once every two and a half years. He gets one sweater every six years, a business shirt once a year, has three pairs of pajamas, one of which is purchased each

year, and is allowed one bathrobe every eight years. His shoes consist of one pair of work shoes purchased each year and two pairs of street shoes, each of which must last two and two-thirds years. Socks, underwear, and ties are provided for on the same relative scale.

The family is allowed a four- to five-room home, either owned or rented, in a working class community. In establishing housing standards for the budget, the Heller Committee does follow the commonly accepted minimum standards which have been established by experts. They exclude housing in slum areas, housing which is dilapidated, housing which lacks a private bath, and housing which is overcrowded. But the housing which they do price is clearly in a working class neighborhood and consists of four- and five-room homes only. A four-room home is commonly a two-bedroom one. When it is remembered that the family for which the budget is constructed is composed of a man, wife, boy of thirteen, and girl of eight, it should be clear that the housing allowance does not reach the suburban rumpus-room standard.

Nor does the transportation allowance provide for a two-car standard. It in fact does not provide a new-car standard. The family is allowed one used car, to be purchased every four years. For example, in 1959 the family was allowed a 1954 sedan which cost a total amount of \$659.39, the cost of which is prorated over four years. Some further insight on the affluent transportation provided is gained from the trade-in value on the preceding 1950 model car allowed the family. The trade-in allowance on this car was \$125.37. Any observant individual who keeps an eye on the used cars lots knows the type of transportation which is available for \$125 and hence can judge the quality of transportation allowed the wage earner family.

The food allowance is sufficient to exceed the minimum nutrient requirements by a small percent. But it does not allow for either the home deep freeze standard of living nor for the prepared frozen dinner standard. In fact, the family is allowed in the way of frozen foods one package of peas, one of lima beans, and a six ounce can of orange juice a week. The liquor allowance, which is included in the food budget, allotted \$18.75 for liquor and \$36 for beer in 1959.

The medical care provided included a prepaid plan giving limited hospital, surgical, and medical benefits. The budget does not include any preventive medical care, and it meets the needs of the *average* family only.

Certainly this is a budget above the poverty line. But surely, no one could construe from the items extracted from the whole budget that this provides an affluent standard of living. Yet this budget would cost the home-owning working man in the Bay Area in 1959 \$6,638.25.

It may be argued that the San Francisco Bay Area is one with a high cost of living. But even making allowance for the difference in the cost of living, it is unlikely that the items on this budget could be purchased anywhere else in the United States for less than \$5,500. Yet in this same year, 1959, the median family income in the United States, according to the U. S. Department of Commerce, was \$5,417. In other words, more than one-half the families in the United States could not have purchased even the modest workingman's standard of living as established by the Heller Committee in 1959.

In view of what the Heller Budget includes and its cost, the reader may imagine for himself the standard of living provided by incomes below \$3,000. Recalling that approximately one out of four families fell in this category in 1959, we may well ask where is this Affluent Society? In fact, we can only state that the case of Galbraith and company remains unproven.

There is other evidence to indicate that the age of affluence is not yet here for a relatively large segment of the population. The figures concerning income distribution which we quoted above are for families. In measuring income distribution by family units, many single individuals do not appear in the data. Thus family income data usually underestimate the proportion of the population falling in the lower income brackets. Many of the aged, for example, are widowed and live alone. They do not appear in income surveys by families. A more inclusive survey of income distribution is by what are called "spending units." A spending unit is one or more persons maintaining separate residence.

The Federal Reserve Board Survey of Consumer Finances measures income distribution by spending units. At the time of

writing, the survey for 1959 income had not been published. But data is complete for 1958. In that year 7 percent of all spending units received incomes below \$1,000 and 20 percent were below \$2,000. The argument might be made that this year was an exception. But if we compare it with the three preceding years, 1955-57, it would seem to be in line with a customary distribution. In 1955, 23 percent of the spending units received less than \$2,000. In 1956 and 1957, 21 percent were below this amount. Certainly these figures indicate a reduction in the number of spending units below \$2,000, but the significance of this is reduced when it is pointed out that the consumer price level rose during this same period from 114.5 to 123.5. Even \$2,000 would buy considerably less in 1958 than in 1955.

Sometimes these statistics are countered by arguing that after taxes the whole pattern of distribution is significantly changed. But this is an overworked dodge which soothes the conscience but does little to help the "other half." Some idea of the effects of taxation in recent years on the pattern of income distribution may be had from figures published in the 1957 *Statistical Abstract* of the U. S. Census Bureau concerning before and after tax income for the year 1955. In that year the bottom half of the income receivers got 22 percent of the income before taxes. After taxes they received 23 percent of the income. In other words, after taxes the top half of the income receivers had to make do with only 77 percent of the income instead of the 78 percent possessed before paying taxes. The bottom tenth of the income receivers got their usual 1 percent of the income before and after taxes.

In addition to the fairly large number of low income receivers, there are other indications that the hosannas from the affluency chorus are a bit premature. For example, we may examine the state of the nation's housing. The most complete available survey of housing was that of the 1950 census. Although taken almost a decade ago it was well within the period usually designated as that of affluence. At that time it was found that 6.8 percent of all urban dwelling units were dilapidated; an additional 14.4 percent were not dilapidated, but lacked essential plumbing. Three and one-half percent were without running water and 11 percent were without private flush toilet or bath. Approximately one in five

urban dwelling units were either dilapidated or lacked essential plumbing.

Because ten years have elapsed since this survey of housing was completed, it might be argued that the conditions which it revealed have long ceased to exist. Perhaps the 1960 census of housing, when published, will indicate some improvement in housing conditions. It is doubtful, however, that the improvement will be a drastic one.

It must be admitted that much housing has been constructed since 1950. But most of this has been for middle and upper income groups. The nation has made very little progress in eliminating urban slum areas. Public housing, the chief means of slum elimination, has been on such a restricted basis that in cities like New York slum clearance has been unable to keep up with the growth of new slum areas. Robert Moses claimed in the *New York Times Magazine* for January 18, 1959, "It would cost some \$750,000,000, necessitate rehousing about 250,000 people and require at least twenty-five years to clear all the existing bad slums in New York City, and even this would be futile without an unremitting drive to prevent further deterioration of buildings which still have the possibility of life and usefulness. . . ."

There are also indications that large segments of the population are not yet able to afford adequate and comprehensive medical care. Accurate figures on medical insurance coverage, which give some indication of the distribution of medical care, are extremely difficult to compile. This is because of the variety of types of policy and because of the duplication of coverage. Some families are covered by more than one plan. Despite this difficulty, the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare in a report entitled, "Hospitalization Insurance for OASDI Beneficiaries," gives some data which indicate the extent of medical insurance coverage in the latter half of the past decade. This report was prepared for the House Committee on Ways and Means which was considering the Forand Bill. The latter would have extended medical insurance coverage to those now receiving benefits under Old Age and Survivors Insurance. According to this report 70 percent of the population in 1958 had some form of hospital care insurance, 65 percent had surgical care insurance, and 54 percent had

insurance coverage for physicians' services other than surgical care. The absence of coverage is particularly marked among the low income groups and among the aged. The Department of Health Education and Welfare report indicated that only 40 percent of those over sixty-five did possess some type of health insurance. It must also be emphasized that these percentages indicate only that *some* health insurance was held. None of the policies cover all of the costs of health care and practically *none* provide for any type of preventive medical care.

In their 1955 survey of *America's Needs and Resources*, the Twentieth Century Fund, an independent social research foundation, found serious lacks in almost every area of consumption. This was a follow-up study of the justly famous one of 1946 by the same title which was directed by J. Frederic Dewhurst, the economic research director of the Foundation. The 1955 survey found substantial segments of the population who not only lacked sufficient health care, education, and recreation but also failed to meet common standards of consumption for basic amenities such as food, shelter, and clothing.

Living standards have undoubtedly risen in the past fifteen years. And this includes the living standards of the poor as well as the rich. In fact, the per capita disposable personal income in dollars of 1959 purchasing power was \$1,605 in 1946 as against \$1,891 in 1959. But this does not mean that we have an affluent society in which sales taxes can be substituted for progressive income taxes, as Mr. Galbraith seems to indicate. Nor does it mean that we can disregard the problem of poverty and low living standards, that the ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed have been banished from American society. To advance such a theory in the light of the facts is nothing but irresponsibility and callous indifference to the state of the poor—whom we still have with us.

Certainly the poverty which exists today is not as general as that which existed in the 1930's when President Roosevelt made his "one-third" of a nation appeal. Today's agonizing poverty exists among the aged, the migratory farm laborers, new ethnic elements like the Puerto Ricans in New York, among the Negroes, and in depressed regions such as the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania and the northeast quadrant of New Mexico—regions

in which long-established economic industries have been displaced by the advance of technology. This is the classic type of poverty which was immortalized in Jacob Riis's *How The Other Half Lives*. These represent pockets of poverty sprinkled fairly generally both in urban and rural areas. Too often a description of those who compose the impoverished seems unconsciously to serve as an excuse. These are people on the perimeter of the larger society and to name them seems to dismiss the problem. But they cannot be ignored for they compose what we may call the "not so affluent society."

authors

(Continued from page 100)

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DAVID HAWKINS' "The Evolution of Life" (*Colorado Quarterly*, Winter, 1960) has been selected for summarization in the *Review of Research and Reflection*, No. 2, August, 1960, a quarterly review of scholarly journals.

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